# Saturday Review

JANUARY 26, 1957 / 20¢

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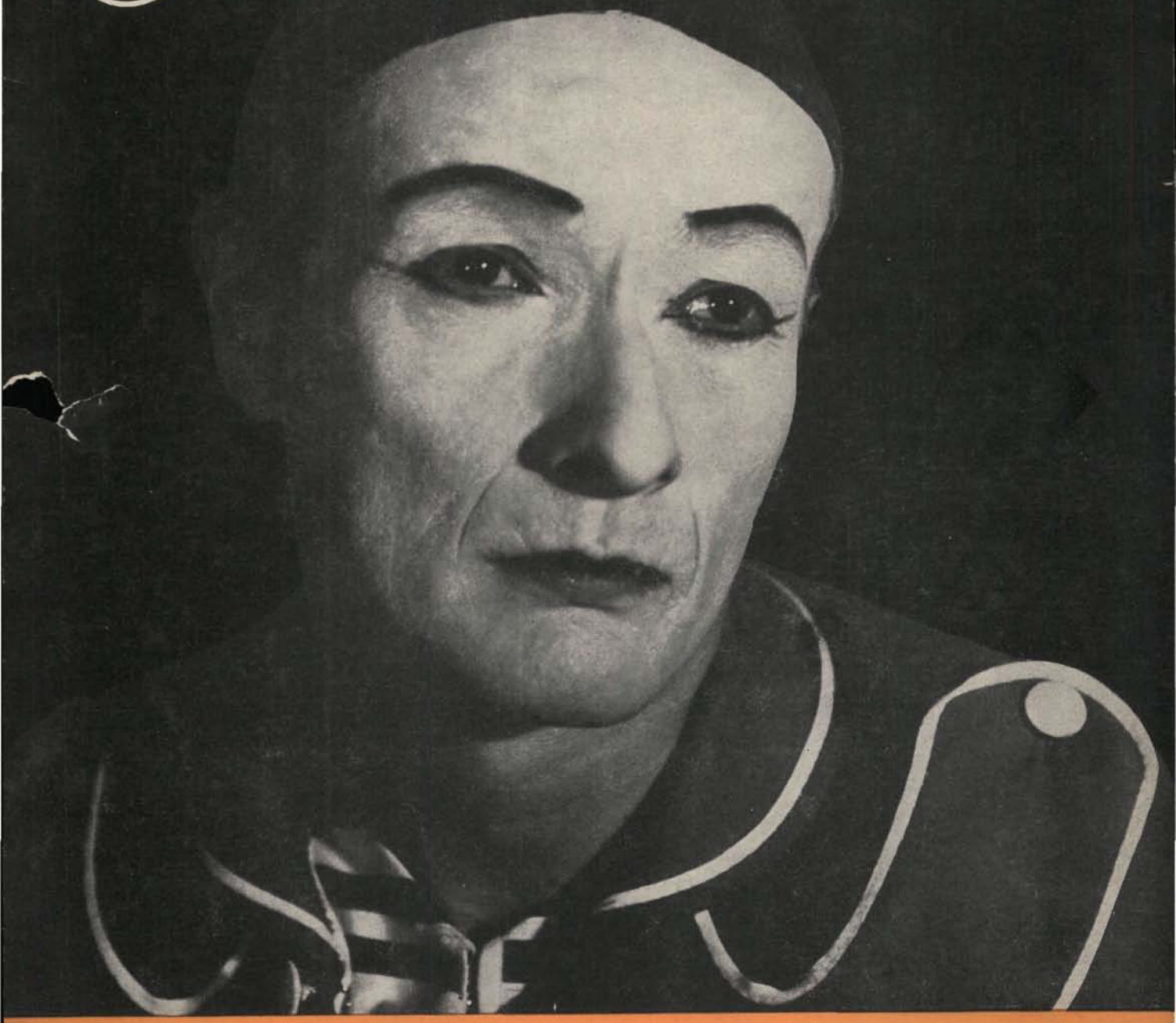

Jean-Louis Barrault brings "total theatre" to Broadway (See page 22).

## A REPUBLIC AND ITS NATURAL DISEASES

By F. R. Cowell

## LONDON PREMIERE OF BRITTEN-CRANKO BALLET

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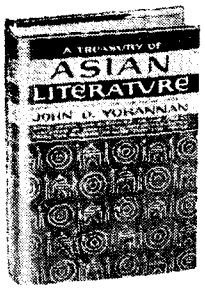

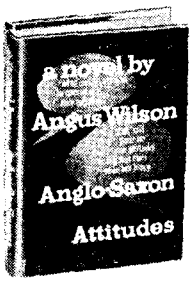


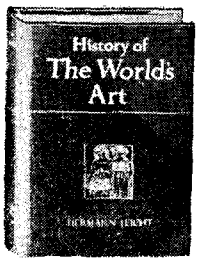


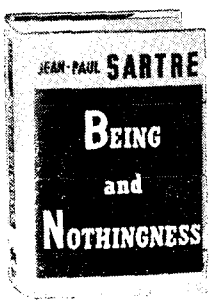


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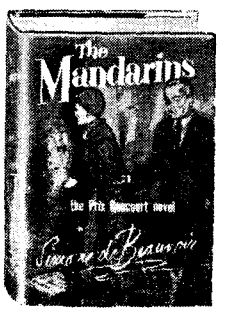


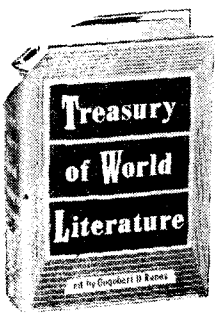


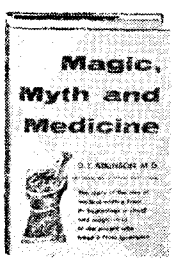


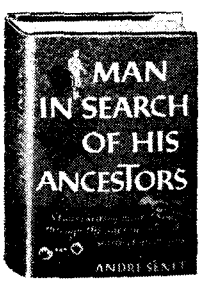


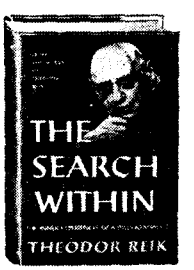


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*(Advertisement)*

The literary news for today is that the contemporary writer with the most interesting initials has written a new book.

He is A. B. C. Whipple, and while I can't reveal what the initials stand for (except to say that his friends call him Cal), I do want to talk a little about the man and his book.

Cal Whipple is an editor for a magazine called *Life*. But in private life he works at home in Old Greenwich, Connecticut, where, in a room overlooking the Sound, he writes about the sea and its men.

You may remember his "Yankee Whalers in the South Seas," a fascinating account of a bygone industry. His new book deals with a somewhat less respectable industry of the sea. It is called "Pirate," and tells of the rascals who plied the Spanish Main.

Whipple has visited the Caribbean haunts of these men of infamy and has made of their stories an exciting book in which the dull, statistical material has been made to walk the plank, leaving behind in real flesh and blood such leaders of their trade as Captain Kidd, Blackbeard, Steve Bonnet and an intriguing pair of piratical ladies known as Ann Bonney and Mary Reed.

The book also has maps showing where the pirates hid their treasure. With a copy of "Pirate," a shovel and a vivid imagination, you're set to make your fortune.

I am somehow reminded of an apocryphal story not in the book, the one about the pirate captain who saw a Dutch sailor fall from the topgallant and shouted out, "All Hans on deck!"

*L. L. Day*
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Pirate: Rascals of the Spanish Main" ($4.50), by A. B. C. Whipple, with illustrations by Richard M. Powers, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. It may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including those nearest the Spanish Main: Doubleday Book Shop, 228 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, and Doubleday Book Shop, 934 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach 39, Florida.

*The Saturday Review*

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The man who reads dictionaries

N.Y. Times Photo

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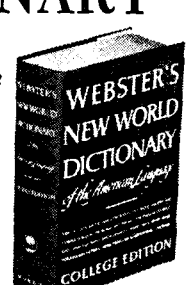


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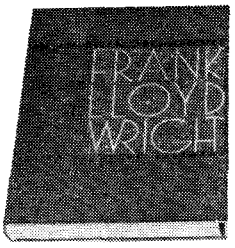

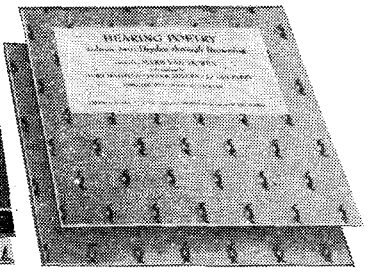

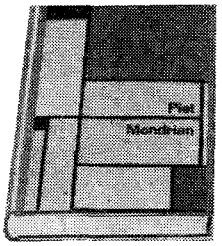


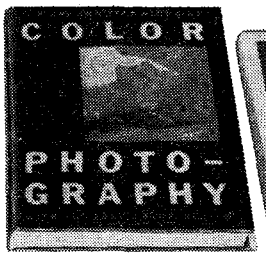


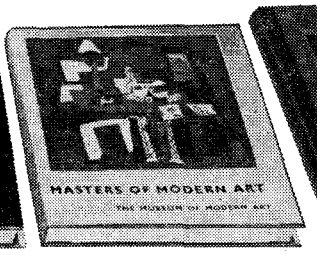


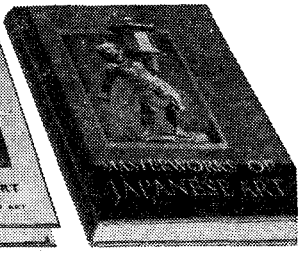

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# TRADE Winds

**IN THE CANTON** branch of Baltimore's Enoch Pratt Free Library, there toils a popular and highly efficient young lady named Elizabeth Hart. Her knowledge of juvenile literature is encyclopedic, but she knows little and cares less about the weird sounds that pass for music among the bobby-soxers of the day. To Miss Hart rock 'n' roll is something you buy in a bakery, and she couldn't name two reigning TV bopsters and caterwaulnuts if her life depended upon it.

Into her domain recently there strode a small boy wearing a plastic hat of a brilliant orange hue. Across the crown, in shiny black letters, was emblazoned the name, "ELVIS PRESLEY." So absorbed did the small boy become in a book (for the record, it was Dr. Seuss's "If I Ran the Circus") that he left his hat behind when he departed. Miss Hart put it on the shelf behind the charging desk, hoping that its owner would be back soon to reclaim it.

Some minutes later another little boy inquired, "Is that really Elvis

Presley's hat?" "Yes," answered Miss Hart casually. "He was here a while ago and left it. I imagine he'll be back any moment to get it."

What happened next is still a bit hazy in Miss Hart's mind. In no time flat her department was overrun by virtually every kid in the neighborhood, all equally intent upon getting a close-up of the immortal Elvis. A possible riot was averted only by the sudden reappearance of the genuine owner of the hat, who was propelled through the crowd by an angry mother. She jammed the hat over her son's ears and announced, "He'd leave his head behind too if it wasn't screwed on."

The crowd reluctantly dispersed. Miss Hart, aware by this time that Mr. Presley is a very famous man, hurried to a nearby music shop to hear one of his records. She is now more mystified than ever.

**THE AFOREMENTIONED** Dr. Seuss (whose real name, I'm sure you know, is Ted Geisel), has joined his neighbors in La Jolla, California, in a campaign to rid this beautiful seaside town of a growing rash of unsightly commercial billboards. The Doctor's contribution was a characteristic poem, now being distributed by civic organizations of other sign-smeared California cities, and reprinted here by permission:

**Signs of Civilization**

There once was a guy
And his name was Guss
Who invented a product
Called Guss-ma-Tuss.
(I forget what it did,
But the product was good.)
So he whapped out a sign
As he darned well should.

Then along came a guy, and his name was Zaxx
Who invented a product called Zaxx-ma-Taxx.
And he said:
"I shall show this bush-leaguer Guss
"I can double out-sell his Guss-ma-Tuss!"
And, so, Board Chairman Zaxx of Zaxx-ma-Taxx
Whapped out a much bigger sign with his axe.

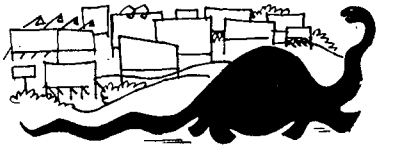
That's how it all started.
THEN good old Guss
Put a bigger pitch in
For Guss-ma-Tuss!
Of course, you know how Zaxx re-acted.
(Just about like you expacted.)
Ten-ton signs around his door!
THEN Guss . . .
HE re-acted more!

Gisele MacKenzie—"stardom seems certain."

And, thus between them, with impunity
They loused up the entire community.

Sign after sign, after sign, until
Their property values slumped to nil.
And even the dinosaurs moved away
From that messed-up spot in the U.S.A.

**MOST TV CRITICS** opine that the Elvis Presley vogue will be a temporary one, but there's a girl brightening up another weekly TV fixture—"The Hit Parade"—who is a very different kettle of dish. Stardom on Broadway seems certain for her—and in the near future, too. Her name is Gisele La



Fleche, but years ago she decided that was rather flashy for theatrical purposes. She changed it to Gisele MacKenzie.

The restaurant corner in which I interviewed Miss MacKenzie was, by chance, the very one where Maurice Dolbier of the *Herald-Tribune* had questioned me the day previous for a story in *his* column. Now, literally, the table was turned! We attracted some attention. "What are you and Miss MacKenzie plotting?" one lady paused to demand. "It's a merger," I told her. "We're combining 'The Hit Parade' and 'What's My Line.' Don't tell a soul." "I won't," she promised, "but it's the worst idea I ever heard!"

You know Gisele MacKenzie today as a singer and a comedienne, with what an NBC executive described as "an irresistible girl-next-door quality." She began her professional career, however, as a concert violinist—a darn good one, too. Her father, a doctor in her native Winnipeg, invested $3,000—and how he had striven to save that much!—in a violin which she played at her debut in Toronto in 1941.

Gisele was fourteen at the time, but already so attractive and accomplished that when war broke out she was asked to help entertain the enlisted men in various Canadian training camps, doubling as a violinist and a singer. "I preferred the singing," she recalls, "to fiddling around."

One man who appreciated her heartily in both capacities was Navy Lieutenant Bob Shuttleworth, and fortunately for her he was the band leader at a big summer resort six years later when she applied for a job there. He hired her without an audition, and when he discovered that she had added piano playing and

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dancing to her other accomplishments, doubled her salary forthwith. He's her personal manager today.

Gisele still was weighing the comparative advantages of a career as a serious violinist with that of a "chantootsie" when fate stepped in one summer day in Toronto in 1947. Some rascal, never apprehended, broke into her locked automobile, and pilfered her precious $3,000 violin—not to mention bags containing all of her evening clothes. "Somebody up there doesn't like my violin playing," concluded Gisele. She began singing on radio shows with Mario Lanza, Bob Crosby, and a slick troupe of harmonizers called the Modernaires.

It was a lucky day for her adopted Clan MacKenzie when Bob Crosby bundled up Gisele and the Modernaires for a star-spangled engagement at Las Vegas's Sahara Club. Among the reckless spenders applauding at a ringside table was Jack Benny, who always knows a good thing when he sees it. Jack persuaded her to join him for an in-person production in San Francisco—as a singer exclusively.

Benny found out by accident that Gisele could play a mean violin the day the show opened, rushed out and bought her a fiddle with his own money. That night they rendered "Getting to Know You" as a duet and brought down the house. "That girl," said Benny appreciatively, "can do *everything.*" This was before she had cooked him a full, eight-course dinner, too!

A Lucky Strike scout saw Gisele clowning with Benny in San Francisco and signed her without further ado. She's appearing on "The Hit Parade" now for her fourth successive season, and with Dorothy Collins as a teammate provides a one-two punch that has pulverized the opposition.

What next for Gisele MacKenzie? Grand Opera? Musical comedy? Even the Met's Rudolf Bing, I am told, is enthusiastic about her potentialities. And when Bing comes, can Rodgers and Hammerstein be far behind?

—Bennett Cerf.

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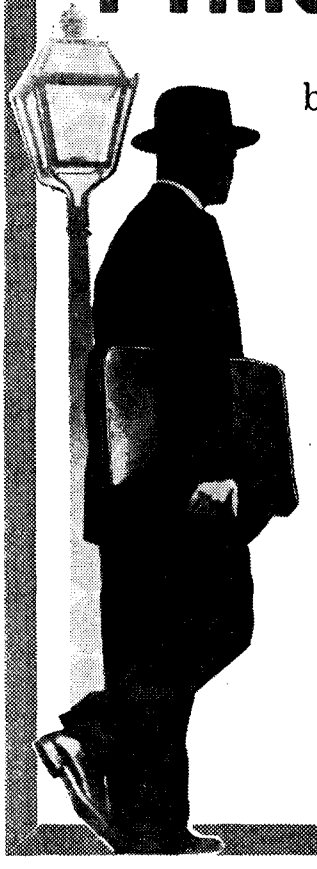

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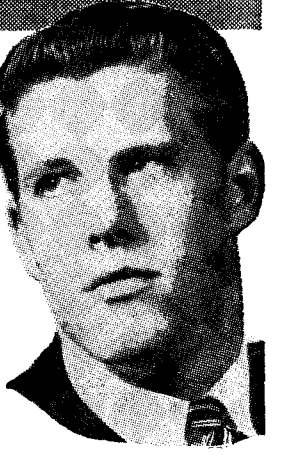

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The Saturday Review
JANUARY 26, 1957

# A REPUBLIC AND ITS NATURAL DISEASES

## *Who (or What) Killed Roman Freedom?*

—Bettmann.

*We are all more-or-less agreed that shadowy psychological forces—rather than a neat gearworks—are the secret masters of history. It seems to be more accurate to regard fears, lusts, sudden anxieties that sweep across whole populations like the flu as responsible for social disasters like depressions, wars, and tyrannies rather than—as the Victorians thought—the vagaries of a quasi-mechanical system. If we are right, then the sound emotional health of a society is indispensable to its enlightened government. It is just the sicknesses of spirit which eroded away the Roman Republic, and which might attack any republican form of government under pressure, that are analyzed here by F. R. Cowell, well-known British classicist and Foreign Office official.*

By F. R. COWELL

"THE Republic is merely a sham." Julius Caesar, whose assassination 2,000 years ago was commemorated last year, is supposed to have made this statement the explanation of his ruthless liquidation of the ancient and honored Roman Republic which had given him birth and success. Caesar was not unique among Roman public men. Cicero, the staunchest defender of the Republic in its last days, said himself. "We have preserved the word Republic but there is no doubt that we have long since lost the thing itself." They were right. There had been no plague or pestilence, no military defeat; Rome's imperial eminence was more spectacular than ever. But the Republic had died.

How had this come about? The Roman Republic originally came into being about 500 B.C. after the expulsion of a despised foreign dynasty. Over the centuries the Republic had waged many victorious wars and had constructed an empire out of the whole Mediterranean world. By Caesar's day, though there was of course very considerable economic inequality, the political balance between poor and rich was comparable to that of eighteenth-century England. Lastly, there existed no alternate ideology for intellectuals and malcontents, such as Communism provides today. The Roman people knew and desired only republicanism. To the day of the East Roman Empire's demise 1,500 years later the emperors were forced by sentiment to retain at least some of the trappings of the old Republic. How then had this tough institution, with triumphs in the Punic, Macedonian, and innumerable other wars to its credit, having overcome the Sullan and Gracchan and innumerable other internal crises, come to mean so little to its own people that they permitted adventurers to carve it up like a roast?

### FAITH AND POLITICS

The most important resource of any government is the faith of the people. Once the people are thoroughly disillusioned, once they have permanently identified "officeholders" and "politicians" with graft and corruption, there is no use in patching up forms. Louis XVI was the best-hearted Bourbon of them all; near the start of his reign he agreed to the most far-reaching constitutional reforms. Yet the injuries his two predecessors

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"Nope. Nobody in Capetown, nobody in Port Elizabeth, Zanzibar, Mozambique, Monrovia, Accra . . . Whoever lined up these dames always went through the Canal, too!"

had wrought on the public trust had gone too deep; the immemorial mysteries and intricacies of the French monarchy at last left the French people cold. They were no longer willing to reform; they wanted out, and they chopped off Louis's head. The Weimar Republic, possessing a constitution to which was applied centuries of study and experience, never came alive in German hearts. Germans looked upon it as a toy-machine for lawyers, or an alien outrage, and they threw it out without remorse at the first sign of a positive alternative. Now we are close to the secret of the death of the Roman Republic, for by Caesar's day the most forceful and skilful politicians of his time had lost interest in it. It no longer seemed a proper vehicle for the long-range interests of the Roman State. From being the virile and patriotic comity of Cincinnatus's day it had become—to the minds of men like Caesar—a wearisome jumble of obsolete taboos and inefficient bureaucrats.

To some extent, of course, any Republic runs risks of this kind of infection all the time. Some of the worst damage is inflicted by men of good will who are in such haste to inaugurate drastic reforms that they terribly wound the total structure—like bad surgeons who wildly cut through a dozen complexly organized membranes and organs to get to one small tumor. Most of us think of the Gracchi brothers as heroes of the Roman Republic, for they were farseeing, selfless patriots desiring to put the state on a sound agricultural and political basis. But in pursuing this objective—in the heat of fiercest controversy—the Gracchi broke down some of the traditional safeguards of Roman republicanism: the sanctity of the tribuneship and the courts. In another era, fifty years later, these safeguards no longer existed to guard against merciless power-grabbers who appropriated the entire state.

Without forcing the comparison, we note that there is no doubt of the patriotism of the modern individuals who were determined some years ago to blast all Communists out of responsible jobs in governmment and elsewhere; but there is also no doubt that the jerrybuilt apparatus of investigation, publicity, and prosecution which they established for this purpose seriously compromised many fine and necessary American traditions. The courts were bypassed; innocent people lost their jobs; an atmosphere of fear descended on huge areas of American life—all because the obsession to expose a tiny number of secret Communists overrode good sense.

Fortunately, Americans have reconsidered their position, and most of the harm seems to be in the past.

### FAITH AND POLITICIANS

One of the worst convictions for the people of a republic to possess is that "all politicians are crooks." This one attitude, thrown out so casually every day by unthinking people, is incalculably dangerous. We free men must never forget that politics is the arena of our communal life, the place where communal compromises and communal ideals are hammered out for all of us to live by. Politics is one of the highest callings a man can enter; great politicians like Abraham Lincoln and Elizabeth I are among the few most important geniuses which the human race has produced, using wonderful skill and insight to bring hope and justice into the lives of millions of human beings unborn as well as living. How tragic it is to see the poison of distrust seep through a nation's political life as it has in modern France, where it is all too frequent for politicians to become the objects of contempt and suspicion and to be exposed in consequence to the temptation to become corrupt and myopic time-servers.

Of course, Rome had plenty of unsavory specimens. There were Romans who stooped very low to win votes and political office. They anticipated many of the tricks of later demagogues: their entertainments and pageantry; their vulgar jokes and anecdotes; their emotional appeal; their affectation of being "just plain folks"; their patriotic ardor; their scorn of honest, public-spirited opponents whom they contrived to depict as enemies-of-the-people, all this combined with their resolute determination to keep eyes on the main chance and to secure the largest possible share of the loot, the richest "gravy," for themselves. Occupational diseases of this description were sufficiently notorious in the Roman Republic to provoke the remark that "they say it is very often the worthless men who enter politics, men with whom it is degrading to be associated and with whom it is a difficult and dangerous business to get into conflict, especially when they have stirred up the mob."

This is perfectly true, of course, and has been so for thousands of years. But the lesson is always the same: the main fault lies with honest citizens who are too lazy or selfish to play their proper, positive role in political life, and who by not playing it leave a vacuum into which thieves and fanatics naturally move.

### THE STRENGTH OF THE REPUBLIC

The survival of ordered republican constitutional government is a hazardous affair. Its security has been attributed to such unifying factors as common racial characteristics; a common language; life within a given climatic or geographical zone; partnership in wars or in common agricultural, industrial, or commercial enterprises; reverence for national institutions, national heroes, and devotion to national insignia such as the Roman Standard or the Stars and Stripes.

Potent as these influences undoubtedly are, and indispensable as they

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may well be, they do not serve to secure more than what has been aptly described as an external conformity or the objective conditions of social solidarity. Rome had them all and yet the Roman Republic perished.

Devotion to the Republic in the United States, like devotion to the Crown in England, may, on a somewhat more subtle-seeming but nevertheless superficial view, be considered a sublimated form of what in its historical or prehistorical essence was little more than fetish worship. But it will not do nowadays to try to account for what is perhaps something of a mystery by invoking something yet more remote and mysterious to explain it.

Neither will it do to beg the question of the true source of social cohesion by assuming the reality of some already existing uniformity of national character or of national types as its sufficient explanation. Indeed, unity and loyalty to republic or monarchy can often exist despite strongly marked local differences. States' rights, the standing challenge to the American Republic, would have been a far more serious source of difficulty had they not been overborne by the stronger influence of loyalty to the Republic.

Essential as a nation's traditions are, those who do nothing but look back to their ancestors are not likely to get ahead very fast. It is the ends and objectives which lie ahead that matter. Tradition can give confidence and momentum to those steering the ship of state, but they will not make port without sailing directions and a destination. Nothing can so damage or paralyze the republic as continual hesitation, uncertainty, and conflict over the nature of the future ends or values which the community exists to realize.

Nothing gives greater strength to a state than singleminded devotion to values shared in common. They need not always be shared consciously or proclaimed daily as an article of a creed. They may be as vague as a faith in undefined "American way of life." They may be as false and as vicious as the gospel of the class-war or the Nazi dogmas and yet, under the powerful stimulus of ruthless demagogic leadership, they may serve temporarily to bemuse and ensnare millions as Hitler and Goebbels were notoriously most successfully able to do.

Whether doctrines like the Nazis' ever could prevail in a nation whose Constitution has stood and prospered for 170 years—which did not suffer the moral disasters of foreign occupation, dynastic collapse, and economic chaos in the first generation of its existence, as did Germany—is very doubtful. Certainly American life is full of variety, and some performers like Senator McCarthy make foreigners apprehensive once in a while, but the instincts of common decency and common sense have so far been more than strong enough to nip in the bud any large-scale demagogic movement.

When a republic is a going concern it derives clear strength from the willingness of all its members to work for the success of their respective undertakings in self-forgetfulness and in the belief that they, their neighbors, and fellow-citizens are also all working together for a common worthy purpose. The operative words here are work and self-forgetfulness. Ensure their realization and social cohesion and the strength of the republic follow as it were automatically, for it is no new promise and no new experience that all these things shall be added unto those who devote themselves selflessly to the service of the true values of life.

**TWO CONTEMPORARIES:** During its last free days Rome gave birth to two men each of whom in his own way serves as a sure symptom of a sick republic. Although a brilliant and sophisticated patrician, Julius Caesar (102-44 B.C.), spending years in the provinces, came to charm and sympathize with commoners like soldiers, pirates, and peasants. His original ambition was to benefit these classes by forcing reform on the corrupt Roman state, but this ideal became increasingly mixed with a yen for personal glory. In enthusiastic impatience he struck down the traditions and constitutional checks-and-balances of the Republic. To a mastery of intrigue Caesar added a towering military genius; alternating these skills he managed at last to compel every institution and personality in Rome to submit to his will. By a dying spurt of Senatorial resolution he was assassinated, but not before his machinations had made it impossible for anyone but an Emperor to rule the Roman Empire.

Cicero (106-43 B.C.) was born into a middle-class country family and came to Rome to make his fortune. His academic idealism and style were impeccable; but, first as a lawyer, then as a party politician, he found it impossible to reconcile his words with his passion for security and ease. Inconsistencies crept into his record; the nobles ceased to trust him, and realists like Caesar deceived him effortlessly. After a career of trivial successes, pocked with vacillations and ineptitude, Cicero backed Pompey against Caesar. Caesar, who was big enough to be merciful, forgave him, and Cicero retired to his books, but after the Ides of March Caesar's more intolerant disciples soon rounded him up and executed him.

Caesar is the model of a man of marvelous gifts, with all the "right" ideas, who is so tempted by power and the pettiness of his opponents that he breaks the pot he is trying to mend. But Cicero is perhaps an even more common and dangerous type: the man who does not relate his ideals to his acts, the half professor-half party hack who, extolling the "straight and narrow" while gathering in all possible wealth and power, becomes, in the end, merely a disastrous incompetent.

#### NEMESIS OF PURE INDIVIDUALISM

If this is true, then the republican spirit is an inspiration, a state of mind, a prevalent attitude which institutions and procedures, however magnificent, however venerable, however revered, cannot alone be safely trusted to preserve, to foster, and to transmit. Correspondingly, when the members of a republic begin to discover that the values they are supposed to serve are no longer capable of commanding their unquestioning loyalty and devotion, times of trouble and of peril are at hand.

The Romans encountered this fate after they had begun to concentrate their energies upon the contrary principle that everyone should have a free hand to enjoy all the selfish satisfactions he could grab. Pompey and Caesar were only two examples of politicians and candidates who shamelessly tampered with the principles of

(*Continued on page* 34)

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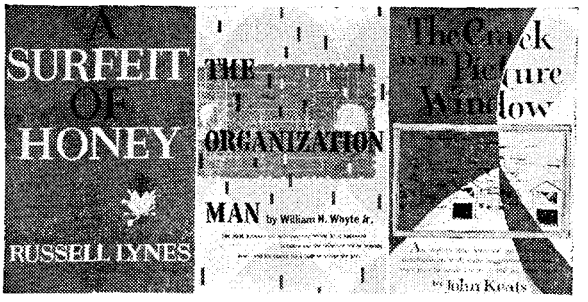
SR's *Books of the Week:*




# Three Books on Modern American Society

*Authors: Russell Lynes, John Keats, and W. H. Whyte, Jr.*

Commentary
by Thomas E. Cooney

THE decade since the end of World War II might well be called the time of the Second American Revolution. In that period, while permitting ourselves an occasional glance and one prolonged excursion into the outside world, we Americans have so energetically built houses, automobiles, electric dishwashers, and TV sets and lent each other so much money to buy them that we seem to have achieved that goal of modern revolutions, the greatest good for the greatest number.

But recently, from the mortgage-papered suburbs, the traffic-clogged streets, and the air-conditioned offices in which the stenographers call the executives by their first names a doleful lamentation and a wailing have arisen. We are aware that we hurt somewhere in the region of the psyche, but we are unable to tell the doctor precisely where. Housewives feel trapped by houses that vibrate to the whine of labor-saving devices and resound to the screams of children who have never been spanked; husbands face the world of business with an alert and gregarious front that masks the equal parts of job-worry and time-payment worry that corrode the lining of the stomach and thicken the walls of the arteries.

There has been no shortage of writers willing to hazard a diagnosis, and perhaps even a treatment of these ills. Herman Wouk in "The Caine Mutiny" and Sloan Wilson in "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" have suggested ways (some of them not very attractive, to be sure) in which the mid-twentieth century American can come to terms with his social environment. A little over a year ago A. C. Spectorsky concentrated on one of our more favored and most anxiety-ridden types in "The Exurbanites" (*SR*, Oct. 29, 1955). Now in the past few weeks three books have appeared which deal in lively and conscientious fashion with the great American problem: "What is our new society doing to us?" They are:

- Russell Lynes's **"A Surfeit of Honey"** (Harper, $3), which tries to define our new class structure.
- William H. Whyte, Jr.'s **"The Organization Man"** (Simon & Schuster, $5), which concentrates on the young managerial class.
- John Keats's (not a pseudonym!) **"The Crack in the Picture Window"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3), which views the mass-produced suburban housing situation with passionate alarm.

Russell Lynes, whose previous excursions into the definition of social classes have marked him as a quick man with a metaphor, claims that American society has become increasingly divided vertically. "Instead of broad upper, middle, and lower classes that cut across the nation like the clear but uneven slices on a geological model, we now have," he says, "a series of almost free-standing pyramids, each with its separate levels and each one topped by an aristocracy of its own." These pyramids correspond to the fields of business, education, law, communications, and so on.

One group, the most colorful of Mr. Lynes's types has an autonomous status. These people are the "Upper Bohemians," who "live in a twilight zone in our society. They are neither below the new aristocracies nor above what we conventionally think of as the middle class. In recent years they have become a reasonably constant element in a social structure that is not, as we have remarked, notable for its stability. They have dug themselves into the soil of our democracy and, if they will forgive the figure of speech, they perform the useful function, like earthworms, of aerating and fertilizing our topsoil. . . . In his professional or in his extra curricular life, Mr. U.B. often moves in and out of the arts or near them, but in any case he calls them by their pet names and is alive to their latest alarums and excursions. . . . His discriminating taste in paintings and books and furniture

**TEST FOR GRAY FLANNEL MAN:** In "The Organization Man," William H. Whyte, Jr., gives examples of test questions in the personality tests given by many large corporations to those seeking employment. *Typical self-report question:* Have you enjoyed reading books as much as having company in? The sex act is repulsive. Do you agree, disagree, or are you uncertain? *Opinion question: Degree of conservatism:* Modern art should not be allowed in churches. Agree or disagree? *Word association question:* Underline the word you think goes best with the word in capitals: UMBRELLA (rain, prepared, cumbersome, appeasement). *Opinion question: Policy type:* A worker's home life is not the concern of the company. Agree..... Disagree..... *Opinion question: Value type:* When you look at a great skyscraper, do you think of: a) our tremendous industrial growth; b) the simplicity and beauty of the structural design.

If you're going to try to cheat on such a test, the important thing to recognize is that you shouldn't try to win a good score, but rather avoid a bad one. By and large, however, your safety lies in getting a score somewhere between the 40th and 60th percentiles, which is to say, you should try to answer as if you were like everybody else is supposed to be. Stay in character. Be empathic to the values of the test maker. When you're being questioned about neuroses, be sure to pick a mild one. Don't be too dominant. Incline to conservatism. Know how the company you're applying to appraises esthetic, economic, religious, and social values.

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has nothing, he is convinced, to do with fashion; it has only to do with permanent quality. He is not likely to be a collector in any orderly or elaborate way; that sort of thing he leaves to the aristocrats who collect under the guidance of a dealer and who have, he believes, no taste of their own. . . . He looks upon all culture but his own, all other standards of behavior, and all other measures of success with tolerant suspicion."

After some richly metaphorical sideswipes at "mass-produced eccentrics" and "the part-time lady," Mr. Lynes ends up by asking a question which he does not propose to answer: "What is all this uneasy concern for security in the midst of plenty? . . . Why do they [the rest of the world] distrust us? . . . Why . . . do we distrust ourselves? Why do we suspect that we are always outguessed and outmaneuvered by the Russians? Why in the world community do we act like poor little rich boys, all dressed up in our best clothes, with our faces scrubbed—and nobody wants to play with us?"

John Keats, the author of "The Crack in the Picture Window," doesn't know why either, but he suspects that we are not being helped toward an answer by the way we are crowding ourselves into vast housing developments where each "home" is a "box on a slab" costing twice what it should and condemning its inmates to a life of boredom. He constructs the fictional "average" family of John and Mary Drone, with their two children, mortgage, unpaid-for car, and their house in "Rolling Knolls," sold to them by the kindly realtor Mr. Sam O. Burmal of the SOB Land Company, the SOB Investment Company, the SOB Realty Corporation, and the SOB Suburban Bank and Trust Company.

Life in the SOB domain is particularly hard on the wives, left at home during the day while their husbands work in and enjoy the great world. "It is a hideous travesty," says Mr. Keats, to suggest the housewives of Rolling Knolls had "something in common" when the bitter truth is that they had only too much in common. It is true that the dwelling shapes the dweller. When all dwellings are the same shape all dwellers are squeezed into the same shape. Thus Mary Drone, in Rolling Knolls, was living much closer in every way to 1984 than to 1954, for she dwelt in a vast, communistic female barracks. This communism, like any other, was made possible by the destruction of the individual. In this case destruction began with obliteration of the individualistic house and self-sufficient neighborhood, and from there on the creation of mass-produced human beings followed as the night the day."

Mr. Keats feels that the impetus toward the creation of poorly planned mass developments has come from the greed of land speculators and builders, and from the apathy of the general public toward zoning laws and community planning. The cure, he thinks, is to "recognize the fact that . . . housing is a public utility. To my mind," he writes, "construction firms could properly be brought within the jurisdiction of a public utilities commission and be assigned a certain percentage of profit on their capital investments, just as are gas, electric power, and transportation systems."

BROODING over this whole society though, William H. Whyte, Jr. sees The Organization. He is afraid that the bright (but not too bright), gregarious (but not too gregarious), original (but not disturbingly original) young managerial men are the archetypes of a future society that will be dominated by the ideals of The Organization Man.

From the new model executives all over the country you hear, says Mr. Whyte, "a new litany increasingly standard. It goes something like this: 'Be loyal to the company and the company will be loyal to you. After all, if you do a good job for the organization, it is only good sense for the organization to be good to you. . . . There are a bunch of real people around here. . . . They don't want a man to fret and stew about his work. . . . A man who gets ulcers probably shouldn't be in business anyway.'"

The Organization Man gets on the track in college, when company placement men woo him with promises of training programs, automatic salary increases, moderate working hours, and fringe benefits. All he has to do is show himself to be the very model of intelligent, gregarious moderation that the company's psychological testing consultant believes he ought to be.

Mr. Whyte describes The Organization Man's activities and beliefs at home and in the office with the verve of a satirical novelist. His advice, directed chiefly at those who feel themselves succumbing to the enveloping caresses of the vast, loving beneficent Organization and who want to keep their souls and sanity, is to *fight* The Organization. "Not stupidly, or selfishly, for the defects of individual self-regard are no more to be venerated than the defects of cooperation. But fight [The Organization Man] must. . . . It is wretched, dispiriting advice to hold before him the dream that ideally there need be no conflict between him and society. There always is; there always must be. . . . The peace of mind offered by organization remains a surrender, and no less so for being offered in benevolence."

—*Stuart H. Jackson.*

# The New Social Classes of Russell Lynes

*A Review of "A Surfeit of Honey"*
*by* Roger Butterfield

ARE you an Upper Bohemian? Are you a little ashamed of all the money you make in these lush times? Do you shun country clubs and the local Elks, but flock incessantly with your own kind in the remodeled brownstones of Manhattan, or the remoter reaches of Westport, Princeton, or Paris? Do you really like to eat dinner from a card table in the living room? Does your wife wear mobile earrings, and do you go in for male "separates"—sports jacket and slacks (as Author Lynes does on the jacket of his book)? How about your sex life—are you so tolerant of what other people are up to that you find it hard to make decisions for yourself?

If your answer is a well-balanced yes to these questions—but not a loud, clear one, for Upper Bohemians don't go overboard in their opinions—the *chances are good that you belong.* The Upper Bohemians, says Mr. Lynes, are a new and useful class in our changing American society. They are neither below the three great aristocracies of the 1950s—business, labor, and entertainment—nor above the so-called

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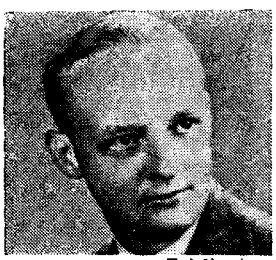
middle class. They do not look down or up at other people, but "sideways" and with "detached amusement." They seem unconcerned with conventional "success" but are proficient at whatever they do, and their mildly critical viewpoint is indispensable these days in any large corporation. Of course they spur the crudity of "How's business?" shop-talk. But they are always ready to discuss "the relationships of the company with the community" and to analyze any slump in sales as a serious "social problem."

The Upper Bohemians are just one of many discoveries in this wise and witty and slightly wicked book. Mr. Lynes takes his title from Shakespeare's "Henry the Fourth, Part One": "They surfeited with honey and began To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little More than a little is by much too much." The application to the Eisenhower era is obvious, and so is the appropriateness to Mr. Lynes's subject, which is American society in a period of unalloyed security. The old, crass, but well-defined distinctions, he finds, are melting down into a sticky mass of "togetherness." High society, as in Mrs. Vanderbilt's day, is non-existent or non-important. The phrase "servant class" has no meaning in the 87 per cent of American households where husbands are part-time wives, washing dishes, changing diapers, or flourishing the strings of their barbecue aprons. Mr. Lynes holds out little sympathy (or hope) for the husbands. "They have made their own beds, and now they must lie in them," he says. "Furthermore, the chances are that they must get up in the morning and make them again."

EVEN success is losing its importance, Mr. Lynes finds, as he examines the answers to questionnaires sent to hundreds of college seniors. A craze for "adjustment" is sweeping the younger generation, and the old-fashioned word "achievement" is rarely mentioned. "No life in the ulcer belt for me," writes one young man, and another says, "Why struggle on my own when I can enjoy the big psychological income of being a member of a big outfit?" American youth no longer looks for frontiers to push back—it seeks to swim along in the wake of a prosperous profession or corporation. And the girls want husbands who are "ambitious but not dangerously so."

All of this Mr. Lynes rather acutely blames on the Depression of the 1930s, which he believes left deeper scars on the American psyche than are generally recognized. "Faith in money as a goal to which to devote one's entire energies was destroyed," he says. But so far nothing equally compelling has risen to take its place with a large part of the population—at least as individuals. They seem to be content to subtract a drop of anonymous sweetness from the over-all store—and hope that nothing upsets the hive.

In his last book "The Tastemakers" (*SR*, Nov. 6, 1954) Mr. Lynes gave us an excellent summary of the fads and frenzies that have helped to shape American culture. In his famous *Harper's* article "Highbrow, Lowbrow, Middlebrow" he defined some intellectual levels that have prevailed during the current decade. In "Surfeit of Honey" he is breathing right down the neck of social history and stealing a look at the near future. What he says is not all honey, but it is all entertaining and remarkably illuminating.



—Fairlington.

# The Nightmarish Suburbia of John Keats

*A Review of "The Crack in the Picture Window," by* Siegfried Mandel, *who lives in Long Island suburbia.*

MY REVIEW copy of John Keats's bilious indictment of suburbia has by now been well-thumbed by friends and neighbors who took to its gratuitous needling in very unkindly fashion. It's one thing to characterize the millions of suburban-development denizens as potential "Mongolian idiots" or "fools living in this nothing-down paradise" consisting of a range of $5,000 boxes-on-slabs to $50,000 split levels enveloped by a "steamy culture of social sickness," and another to make those tags stick.

We so-called fools became tired of putting up with scandalous postwar housing situations in the cities, and—especially veterans—took advantage of favorable low-interest mortgages to find a place in the suburbs for our growing families. True, some of the "pioneers" who bought the first best thing they could get found that mercenary builders had presented them with a cat in a sack, but others who spent a little more time shopping came up with a substantial investment. Over a period of years what has a "renter" to show for his money? We suburbian "idiots" on the other hand, who have been slowly whittling down the principal on mortgages, find that should we decide to sell all this money comes right back to us. Keats ridicules, for example, the Levittown developments, one of which is neighbor to my own on Long Island, but I have yet to hear of a Levittowner who did not turn a profit when selling.

Aside from the financial angle, the element of comparison is absent. When we suburbanites relax and recharge our mental batteries after a hectic day in the city and breathe the fume-free air in the quiet of the evening, we think with pity of our urban brethren cooped up in numbered apartments that resemble so many cells in a prison corridor from which they can reach the street by negotiating a mountain of stairs or a two-by-four elevator box instead of walking, as we do, right into a private backyard where our children can play on lawns rather than asphalt.

To John Keats our suburban developments are unrelieved nightmares peopled by such soapish characters as John and Mary Drone, who hopelessly overextend themselves to buy a home with less selectivity than drunks: Ronald Suave, a slick sales agent; Robert Razor, the builder who cuts corners and throats of victims; and the SOB Bank that specializes in fleecing operations. For good measure Keats sticks the Drones with a group of viciously cartooned neighbors whose names—the Fecunds, Spleens, Amiables, Faints, and Mrs. Ardis Voter—indicate their inadequacy. For recreation our suburban wives indulge in endless "hen" sessions and daytime coffee *klatsches* topped at night by unmentionable party games. Afflicted by bottomless despondency incurred by deadly routine, hounded by financial insecurity, and engulfed by mass mediocrity, Keats's creatures bear so little resemblance to fact—as I have observed it on Long Island and

(*Continued on page* 29)

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FICTION

# Hours of Truth

***"The Day the Money Stopped," by Brendan Gill*** *(Doubleday. 193 pp. $2.95), examines the ties—other than the expected inheritance—that bind the members of a wealthy family.*

By Milton Crane

BRENDAN GILL'S second novel, a worthy successor to "The Trouble of One House," is the product of a fine sensibility and a remarkable craftsmanship. "The Day the Money Stopped" lovingly examines the bonds of affection, interest, resentment, and hatred that unite a scapegrace elder brother, Charlie Morrow, with his stiff, proper, and successful younger brother, Richard, and his gentle and pliant sister Kathie after the death of their father. Mr. Gill brings together these three in Richard's office on the day that Charlie has come to learn the contents of their father's will—"the day the money stopped."

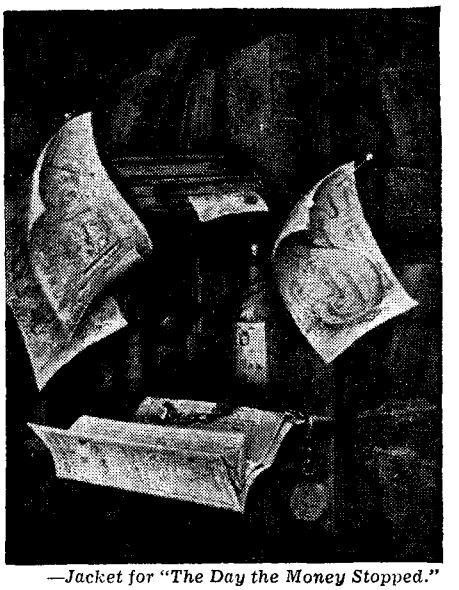
With consummate skill the Morrows (and Richard's secretary Ellen Wells, the only other character of the book) create themselves and their lives in conversation and suggested action. Strictly speaking, nothing happens in the course of the novel's single day; but we are left knowing everything we need to know about the Morrows' past: the inexplicable indulgence of the father to Charlie, now so rudely ended; the mystery of the mother's death; the collapse of Charlie's marriage; and the new hope for Charlie and Ellen. That all this—and more—should be clearly and solidly set forth in a few hours' time in the single setting of Richard's office without declining into a novelistic equivalent of a well-made play is a measure of Mr. Gill's art.

For the action of "The Day the Money Stopped" is truly action, action of psychology and character, and yet it is externalized as satisfactorily as one could wish. We are shown Charlie on the threshold of his brother's office, beginning a conversation with Ellen, whom he has just met. In two dozen pages Mr. Gill has Charlie condemn himself out of his own mouth as irresponsible, extravagant, and faithless; but he also succeeds (miraculously, if one considers how often playwrights and novelists are shipwrecked in this effort) in making us believe that Charlie is a genuinely winning personality. This he must do, of course, if he is to convince us that Charlie can persuade Ellen, after a few hours' acquaintance, that he will be able to obliterate the memory of her unhappy marriage (which also has its roots in the tangled history of the Morrows). It may be, indeed, that we more readily believe in Charlie's power to beguile than in his own transformation—the former being visible and the latter only presumptive, though highly probable.

The conception and construction of "The Day the Money Stopped" suggest a play rather than a novel. We see Charlie first in his relation to Richard, then to Kathie, and finally to Ellen; but each relationship undergoes a change under our eyes, and the ultimate resolution, effected by the quixotry and filial love of the prodigal, is the alteration in Charlie himself.

The dramatic feeling of the novel is enhanced by the economy and deftness of Mr. Gill's construction of scenes and by his admirable handling of dialogue. We may hope that Mr. Gill will not make us wait five years for his third novel.

Brendan Gill—". . . economy and deftness."



—Jacket for "The Day the Money Stopped."

# Verve and Versatility

***"Able Baker and Other Stories," by Joseph Whitehill*** *(Little, Brown. 302 pp. $3.75), is a collection of tales by a promising young writer with a fondness for violent climaxes.*

By William Peden

"ABLE BAKER AND OTHERS" is the first published volume of a twenty-nine year-old American author whose short stories have already won an Atlantic "First" Award, an O. Henry Award, and two Ellery Queen's Awards. Joseph Whitehill is an accomplished storyteller with a penchant for variety: his settings range from below decks of a merchant ship to the swimming pool of a lush Las Vegas resort, a munitions factory in Kansas, and a skiing retreat in the New Hampshire mountains; his characters, in addition to Chief Engineer Able Baker, include a Mexican skin diver, an amorous rooming-house proprietress, and a Greek muscle-man.

In Chief Engineer Baker Mr. Whitehill has produced a character with the resourcefulness of Hopalong Cassidy, the vitality of Tugboat Annie, and the sagacity of Ephraim Tutt. Able Baker is likely to please a good many readers; it will be interesting to see whether this fat, amiable, and compassionate human being follows his predecessors to the pot of gold at the foot of the Hollywood rainbow. Mr. Whitehill knows intimately and understands well this genial sailor and his ship, the *Serafina*. Around such an incident as Baker's efforts to repair a broken fan belt in the blower

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housing, and the consequent death of the engineer's monkey, Mr. Whitehill writes an effective and convincing story: man and ship and incident are expertly depicted.

When he shifts his emphasis to highly contrived plot Mr. Whitehill's effectiveness is diminished. In "Rat Trap," in which a hated former shipmate attempts to hijack Baker and the *Serafina* and becomes a corpse in the process, the author uses coincidence as lavishly as any pulp writer. Only the genial presence of Able Baker, together with the author's constant skill with exposition and description, prevents such a story from becoming ludicrous.

Mr. Whitehill is so capable and talented a writer that it is difficult to understand his fondness for gimmicks and melodrama. Four of these stories, for example, are climaxed by suddenly planned and expertly engineered murders—by poison, by bullet, by the simple but effective expedient of hurling a great rock on a conveniently upraised face, and by the ingenious device of freezing the hands of the victim-to-be to a ski lift.

Demises as violent as these almost—but not quite—succeed in convincing the reader; motivations and ultimate solutions are planted along the way as carefully and ingeniously as a child plants his first flower bed. But the manslaughter is not only far from convincing psychologically; more often than not it is simply a device by means of which the author ends the story. Seldom indeed does it give the illusion of being the logical or inevitable outgrowth of situations involving real human beings.

Except for this reliance upon the machinery of the rather meretricious sort of "popular" story, Joseph Whitehill is an able (no pun is intended) writer. The vigor and freshness of his stories are all too seldom found in contemporary collections of short fiction. Put him down as another writer to watch.

# Fantasy in the Midwest

***"Our Revels Now Are Ended," by Carl Jonas*** *(Norton. 343 pp. $3.75), tells how three immature grownups mess up their own and each other's lives.*

By Robert L. Perkin

"OUR revels now are ended," Carl Jonas had his satirically daft hero say in his 1954 novel, "Riley McCullough." "It took the loveliness out of the night, and snakes and eels replaced it." Consciously or not, but probably the former, this brief passage supplies both the title and the substance of Jonas's 1957 novel.

Like "Jefferson Selleck" and "Riley McCullough," "Our Revels Now Are Ended" is laid in Gateway City, which is fairly recognizable as Omaha, the author's birthplace. A couple of other places also are recognizable in the new novel. For Mandan, you can read Topeka, and for the Lickleider Clinic you can suppose, if you are one who likes to nail things down, the Menninger Clinic.

But these linkages, Gateway City along with the little touches of people and places and things which carry forward from book to book, are not belabored. Jonas is not writing sequels. The three novels are about as different from each other in style, content, and outlook as novels could be. The only significantly continuing thread is the Midwestern scene, and the Midwest, although Jonas now lives and writes among the high peaks at Aspen, Colo., is the home country he is attempting to understand out loud, so to speak, in diverse ways out of its diversity.

Psychiatry also is a common concern of the three books, but here the author is ambivalent. Lighthearted romance and the secret loveliness of night now are indeed replaced, and the snakes and eels are palpably present. Gone are the perceptions of psychosomatics of "Jefferson Selleck" and gone, too, is the gay-mad satire of skepticism which appeared in "Riley McCullough" almost as a counter-reaction.

"Our Revels Now Are Ended" is the story of how three immature grownups thoroughly mess up their own and each other's lives. Mildred Cartwright is a dependent, spoiled rich girl who lives in an egocentric world so tightly constructed that she becomes psychopathically frigid on her honeymoon. Her husband, Wesley Warren, rich newspaper publisher and amateur politician among the king-makers for Ike, is a small boy grown tall who still lives the sentimental heroics of his high school triumphs. Ben Webber, their best friend and an old-maidish bachelor, comes the closest to equilibrium but loses out to the ghosts that prowl about constantly in nurtured selfishness.

Wes, naturally, is used by the professional politicians and then is left blinking, like an aquarium fish, in the contemporary glass house he builds on a baronial hill overlooking Gateway. Most of the story, however, concerns the efforts to cure Mildred of her frigidity at the Lickleider Clinic in Mandan. She refuses to be cured, and the climax arrives when Ben, conjuring up out of his own lovelessness a rescuing love for Mildred, spirits her away with intent to cure her by direct masculine action in bed. Which doesn't turn out well, either.

All of this is a thoroughly competent, entirely engrossing fiction and Jonas's most solidly serious work to date. Here we have an artist deep in the lonely labor of discovery, of finding meanings in a world grown increasingly one of subjective fantasy.

He does not attempt to define the balance with life for lack of which the characters of his story founder, but it is clear he now has achieved his own artistic maturity. His style has become a melodic one with long, looping, undulating sentences that contain the elements of the best in

(*Continued on page 32*)

# Poem

By M. B. Thornton

THE birds are wild with singing, those
That have been spared. The sky is blue today,
The sun a needle point. Only small patches of ice
Are left on the ground which is soaked with
Melted snow. The limbs of the trees
Are motionless, alive without effort against
The still sky. It is morning.

If these things are small, all that is big
Is in them. I am alive.
Wild geese are in the sky.

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—*Jacket illustration for "The Last Parallel."*

# American in Korea

***"The Last Parallel," by Martin Russ** (Rinehart. 333 pp. $3.95), is the journal of a Marine corporal who proved to himself through combat in Korea his stature as a man. Martin Blumenson, our reviewer, served with the Army in Korea.*

By Martin Blumenson

BETWEEN August 20, 1952, at Camp Pendleton, Calif., just before departing for Korea, and September 10, 1953, at Ascom City, near Inchon, as he was on his way home, Marine Corporal Martin Russ proved something to himself. His journal, "The Last Parallel," makes it clear what and how it was.

A college kid from upstate New York, a big guy with a sense of humor, perceptive, intelligent, and sensitive, also uncertain of himself, Russ felt he had to prove his stature as a man. He thus arranged to transfer from the Ordnance and a nice comfortable life (relatively speaking) in a rear area to the discomfort, the fear, and the glory of front-line service with the Infantry.

Here is a classic problem. Here also is a classic solution, participation in combat. Yet what could easily have deteriorated into something banal is alive and vital. What we get is a refreshing and significant portrait of a young man in the process of growth.

It is difficult to create a sympathetic hero in the first person. The attempt to be modest often results in false humility; the result of honesty often appears as boastfulness. Russ avoids both. He never becomes insufferable. Primarily by his knack of puncturing his own vanities at appropriate places, he emerges as a human being, the first prerequisite of a hero. How he achieves the others that form the necessary complex of personal qualities is revealed with skill and talent.

The development of character is the energy that overcomes the natural inertia usually found in the journal or diary form. It gives movement, interest, and even suspense to what otherwise might have remained a host of unassembled, undigested, unorganized impressions and events. Out of the welter emerges also a fine sense of the dramatic. The death of Lieutenant Guyol is a minor literary masterpiece.

Along with the personal story of Corporal Russ comes an honest picture of what combat was like in Korea. The armistice talks had already begun when he arrived, and the so-called period of static warfare was in progress. The opposing forces were deployed along virtually impregnable lines. Hard-fought actions such as those at Taejon, the Chosin Reservoir, Chipyong-ni, and Heartbreak Ridge, and large-scale offensives such as "Killer" and "Ripper" seemed to be things of the past. Except for occasional outbursts of artillery and mortars and the dogfights in the air, quiet seemed to have descended over the Land of the Morning Calm. The conflict seemed to have passed from the battlefield to the tables at Kaesong and, later, at Panmunjom, where the negotiators disputed. So it appeared from the newspaper accounts.

But as the negotiators wrangled toward the truce that finally came in the summer of 1953, small groups of men, usually at night, were carefully exploring the dangerous no-man's land between the lines. Incessant patrolling was taking place. Exactly what this was quickly becomes apparent in the journal of Corporal Russ. The tense, nerve-wracking experience has never been detailed with more clarity or communicated with more restraint.

"The Last Parallel" ranks with Charles MacDonald's "Company Commander" and Russell Gugeler's "Combat Actions in Korea." Like them, it passes on much incidental information of a technical nature; tells of equipment and weapons; explains the military meaning of such terms as reconnaissance, ambush, rescue, and raid; makes us aware of the importance of weather and terrain; records the special words, attitudes, and feelings of the combat soldier; and introduces us to what Ned Calmer has called his "strange land."

Without plot or pretension, simply told and engagingly so, "The Last Parallel" is not only the personal story of Martin Russ; it is the generalized story as well of every American who served in Korea.

# Reminder

By Sydney Kessler

WHEN I opened the door that morning,
I thought the cat, sitting on a neighboring doorstep,
Seemed aware of far more than the early sunlight.

And then I saw the dead man sprawled at my door.

I remember thinking, as I dialed the police,
That cats, like certain poets,
Have a disturbing habit
Of being unbelievably serious to your face.

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# Through An Inferno

***"Give Us This Day," by Sidney Stewart** (Norton. 254 pp. $3.50), is a young American's chronicle of his fearsome experiences following capture by the Japanese during World War II.*

By Maxwell Geismar

SIDNEY STEWART'S "Give Us This Day" is an odd and ambiguous book in several respects. It comes to us with a glowing tribute from André Siegfried. Written by an American, it is already a best-seller in five European languages, so we are told, and is now published for the first time in the author's native land. Mr. Stewart, an Oklahoman, was drafted into the army at twenty-one and sent to the Philippines just before Pearl Harbor. He was captured by the Japanese on Bataan, and has written the story of what happened to him afterwards.

It is one of the most harrowing and debilitating chronicles that I have read. The record of the atrocities which the Japanese practised upon their helpless prisoners is without parallel except perhaps in such a documentary volume as "The Black Book of Polish Jewry," under the Nazi occupation—or in the most morbid fantasies of Jack London. Yet Mr. Stewart's tone is prevailing calm, sweet, tender throughout the story. He describes the ordeal brilliantly; he harbors no resentments apparently, and he has emerged from an inferno of bestiality with utter serenity.

One is not quite sure if he has reached any convictions or conclusions about his experience. This is almost the record of the human psyche pushed beyond the last point of reflection; it no longer even wishes to survive; it simply endures. On the twelve-day march to the prison camp at Luzon, according to Mr. Stewart's chronicle, more than 14,000 men died. The Japanese "clean-up" squads shot or bludgeoned all those who fell by the way. The Japanese guards paraded the bleeding American heads which were stuck on the ends of their bayonets. At Camp O'Donnell itself we follow the death of 23,000 more Filipinos and Americans in the next twenty days. And this was only the beginning of the torture and the terror.

At first, too, the Americans tried to help each other survive the ordeal. The central characters in the story include the English exile Hughes; the sober, church-going Rassmussen; the coal-miner Weldon; the Shakespearean scholar "John," and Sidney Stewart himself. They were exceedingly poorly trained and equipped, according to this account. The descriptions of actual warfare are negligible; the American officers emerge only briefly in this almost non-military narrative. The single heroic presence is that of Father Cummings, the Catholic priest who refused to give up hope.

Sidney Stewart—". . . prevailing calm."

IT IS probably this combination of religious fervor and bestiality that accounts for the popularity of this book abroad. For certainly the middle ground of the story—the human area—is barely more than sketched in. The central characters are no more convincing as full human beings than they are as military men. They all share something of the author's own sweetness, goodness, and charm—but this is not the stuff that great stories are made of. If one has read other chronicles of prison life under totalitarian systems—which is a new branch of modern literature—this one, in terms of human character and behavior under stress, is singularly unobservant, or blindly "noble."

Even on the last of the series of terrible boat-trips that the surviving American prisoners took to Japan—when, without food, water, or drugs, the men began murdering each other for air to breathe, space to stand, and blood to drink—the prevailing tone of the narrative hardly changes. Yet perhaps it was just this childlike and almost uncomprehending serenity of spirit that allowed Mr. Stewart to pass through this crucible of the flesh with a sort of sublime faith. (There are curious echoes in the prose itself of another childlike spirit in our literature, Stephen Crane.) One reads his book with a mixture of horror, admiration, and bewilderment.

**ACE IN A ZERO:** "Samurai!" by Suburo Sakai (Dutton, $4.95), is an astonishing book, not only because it recounts in great detail what are surely ten of the most perilous years any man has ever lived through, but also because that man happens to have been a Japanese fighter pilot who was conservatively, responsible for the deaths of more than 200 Americans in aerial warfare. This last fact leads to a series of recurring shocks as in page after page we watch Saburo Sakai, Japan's top living war ace, closing in on P-36, P-40, P-39, B-26, and B-17 with a destructive skill as inexorable as Achilles's.

A product of the Samurai tradition and of Japan's unbelievably, almost sadistically, severe military training, Sakai and a handful of compatriots slaughtered with unprecedented skill, first in the obsolescent Mitsubishi 96 ("Claude" to us) and later in the greatest fighter aircraft then in the skies, the dreaded Zero, from the Philippines, Java, New Guinea, and, after the tide had turned in 1944, in Iwo Jima and back to Japan. The only veteran of the China incident to emerge from the apocalypse of final defeat in 1945, Sakai flew more than 200 missions and had sixty-four confirmed kills.

A great deal of care has obviously gone into the preparation of this book, and it must be accepted in good faith. Sakai has been assisted by Martin Caidin, the recognized American authority on the Zero, and by Fred Saito, a Japanese newsman. And yet the end result is a bitter antidote to the deliberately sponsored myth of American invincibility in the early days of the war. Some of Sakai's stories border on the miraculous: Japanese pilots disdained parachutes; they lightened their Zeros of all radio equipment; after a wild melee over Guadalcanal in which Sakai's windshield is shattered, his right eye blinded, his left side paralyzed, he navigates (sans radio) over open sea for more than 300 miles back to Rabaul and lands safely; in 1944, after being hospitalized, he returns to combat over Iwo Jima, a one-eyed pilot now, and accidentally engages fifteen Hellcats alone and escapes (during the engagement "I lost my temper. Why run away from such a clumsy pilot?").

This is an exciting book and a sobering one that is indispensable to all responsible Americans living amid the perils of brinkmanship.

—DANIEL B. DODSON.

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WRITERS AND WRITING

# The Man Who Subdued a Gift

***"The Journals of Jean Cocteau," edited and translated by Wallace Fowlie*** *(Criterion. 205 pp. $6), brings together the random ideas of one of the most intelligent living Frenchmen. Here it is reviewed by Henri Peyre of Yale.*

By Henri Peyre

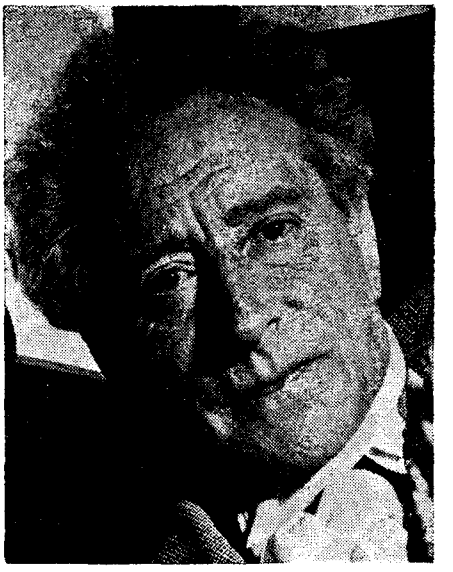
JEAN COCTEAU likes to call himself the most misunderstood of men. He is indeed, and especially in this country. Yet few living writers have explained themselves more disarmingly, lifting all the masks or putting on grimacing ones in order to bring out their faults through caricaturing themselves. His recent election to the French Academy, at the relatively early age of sixty-six, failed to turn him into a pontiff of that weary wisdom which is abdication. He delivered one of the most courageous and unacademic speeches ever heard under the august cupola. His admirers continue to expect from Cocteau—probably, with Malraux and Sartre, one of the three most intelligent Frenchmen alive today—the supreme and polished masterpiece in which he would conveniently sum up for posterity his life's work and give unity to his Protean facets. Such a masterpiece, which Cocteau will not compose (for, like Picasso and Stravinsky with whom his name is linked, he is variety itself), might have been his memoirs.

But he is too discreet, too aristocratic, and also too generous to indulge in confessions like those of Rousseau, whom he admires, or of Gide, whom he disturbed, for Cocteau effortlessly, unassumingly, surpassed the older writer in sincerity. He has given only several fragments of avowals, reminiscences, tributes to his friends, generous acknowledgments of influences submitted, elliptic and profound maxims on art. We are not likely ever to have bulky and often dreary journals of Cocteau similar to those of Gide.

The one slim volume in which, at the age of fifty-six, having suddenly discovered that he was probably "over the bridge," he related his career under the title "La Difficulté d'être" glides too expertly over abysses to afford us a true picture of Cocteau by Cocteau. That "difficulté d'être" which Fontenelle, at the age of ninety-nine, confessed to a lady he was beginning to experience, has accompanied Cocteau throughout his life. He has always shunned habits and considered, with Stravinsky, that to spurn habits is the sole way to keeping art from stagnating. Non-conformity itself may become a habit and a trickery. Cocteau, who has written the most brilliant pages on Picasso's genius, well knows that only a Picasso can afford to surprise us unceasingly and to make a habit of spurning habits. He is more modest. But, to all the gift that playful fairies lavished on his cradle, Cocteau added that of self-discipline hidden under fantasy and humor. "To subdue a gift is the first duty of the man who finds he has that gift," he declares—and he has been true to his precept.

"The Journals of Jean Cocteau," excellently translated and interpreted in a subtle preface by Wallace Fowlie, are one of the most elegant and of the richest in content of the books from France to have been offered to the American public in years. The fragments of which the volume is made up are discontinuous; but, and wisely, they do not display Cocteau at his most versatile and stress the gravity of the moralist behind the *enfant terrible*. "New Yorkers and Parisians," appealed Cocteau in his "Lettre aux Américains," "is it my fault if you do not have my agility and if you treat me as an acrobat?" A number of revelations on his films, on his conception of the theatre, on his novels, on his ephemeral alliances with one or another Parisian group will be found in the volume. The pages on Diaghilev and the Russian ballets of 1911-1913, which made the true Cocteau become himself, on Stravinsky, and on Picasso (perhaps even on Radiguet, whom Cocteau overrated) vibrate with emotion.

The more general remarks on taste, on beauty, on life in general are no less precious and deserve the respect with which writers like Edith Sitwell have surrounded them. The man, whose myth has too often made him a fashionable playboy and an expert dressmaker of ideas, appears in this volume in his true stature: a superb intellect, but one that feeds on a tender and dangerously big heart.



Jean Cocteau—". . . a superb intellect."

# Proust's Way

***"Nostalgia," by Milton L. Miller, M. D.*** *(Houghton Mifflin. 306 pp. $4), is a psychoanalyst's interpretation of the connection between the writer and his writing. Our reviewer is Professor D. W. Alden of Princeton's modern language department.*

By D. W. Alden

DR. MILTON L. MILLER, a practising psychoanalyst with considerable professional prominence, has written a study of Proust entitled "Nostalgia" with the urbanity of a gentleman of letters, offering an example, only too rare in this country, of a man of science who has time for deeper literary perceptions.

At first one wonders what a psychoanalyst can tell us about Proust's nature which is not already known. For the past few years, after the revelations of Marie-Anne Cochet, Massis, Vigneron, and finally Maurois (Dr. Miller seems not to have read the first three), Proust has had no secrets left: his homosexuality is now a common subject of drawing-room conversation and it is an oft-repeated theory that he wrote his great novel as a vindication of himself because of a feeling of guilt towards his mother. Dr. Miller has no new facts to add to the case, and he is to be commended for not dramatizing the known facts.

His psychoanalytic interpretation is based on one other known fact which previously did not seem to have unusual importance: Proust's love for his brother Robert. The medical diagnosis

(*Continued on page* 33)

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# Our Changing World

AT THE beginning of a New Year, which as far as practical matters are concerned starts with the President's Address to Congress in the second week of January, it is difficult to resist the temptation to glance over one's shoulder at the errors we have committed, the dangers we have avoided, and to look forward with a little hope. Since we discovered in 1914 that we could not build a Great Wall around America, we have engaged in the leadership and defense of the whole Western world—also, now, the Middle East. Our domestic situation is a gigantic paradox, for both World Wars and the fear of a third have been stimulants to steadily increasing prosperity and military power. Max Lerner, in *The American Scholar*, writes that, "If man today is doomed for tomorrow, he shows a strange up-welling of energy and bounce. Surely history offers no parallel to the paradox of a prevailing sense of doom accompanied by a far-reaching ferment in new techniques and conceptions of our culture and society. If man is candidate for a corpse, then the about-to-be corpse is showing the most heterodox stirrings of vitality."

We are in the strange situation of having almost everything we have wanted and, indeed, more than we need—with the exception of a more tranquil life. Optimism, an admirable trait that is part of our legacy from pioneer ancestors, inherent in the American people in and out of depressions and world wars, was echoed by President Eisenhower's Message to Congress. "In the last year," he said, "this tide [the persistent search for the self-respect of authentic sovereignty] has changed the pattern of attitudes and thinking among millions. . . . In the main, today's expressions of nationalism are, in spirit, echoes of our forefathers' struggle for independence." Another American characteristic is an eagerness to share our prosperity with poverty-stricken nations, whether our calculated generosity consists of sending abroad millions of tons of food or billions of dollars to bolster depleted treasuries in an attempt to help backward countries rise from medievalism to the abundance and ease possible in the twentieth century.

No one seems to be deeply concerned with the fact that we are also spending millions in shipping tanks, war planes, and other lethal weapons abroad to small nations in the hope that if war comes they will have the sense to aim them in the right direction. From this side of the fence it seems preposterous that any country lying between the gigantic armaments of the East and the West should join the Communist bloc at a time when the revolution in Hungary, and Poland's milder effort to gain some measure of freedom, have revealed the harsh rule in Russia's satellites.

There is another aspect of our situation which we should deal with during the New Year. There still are glaring contrasts between prosperity and poverty not only in the undeveloped regions of the world but also in our own country, where, according to Eugene R. Black, "There are still whole counties where a majority is undernourished and two-thirds without running water in their homes." There are appalling slums in our flourishing cities in the North as well as the South. Wealth, whether it is exported or remains at home, breeds wealth. "In recent years," Mr. Black adds, "the tremendous growth of United States economy has also made this country a net importer of increasing quantities and an increasing range of raw materials vital to modern industry. It draws heavily on the resources of the undeveloped lands for such commodities as copper, petroleum, iron ore, manganese, and uranium. As a result, the products of Latin America, Asia, and Africa are now shipped to the United States to the value of about 6 billion a year, and in the first half of the last year they filled one-half of the country's import basket. . . . The importance of the undeveloped lands as a market for the industrialized countries is also great and can be expected to grow further."

It was obvious that during the last year there was a remarkable decrease in our fear of nuclear war, with the exception of that ominous week of the "invasion" of Egypt by Israel, France, and England, when it was possible to conceive that Russian armies might march into the Arab kingdoms or send "volunteers" to defend the Suez Canal. The outer world then had reason to be alarmed. We did not know until later that an American fleet, armed with atomic weapons, was sent into the Mediterranean. It is useless to invent nightmares, but there remains one alarming question: Will the Communist dictators in Moscow, faced in the future with revolution in the satellites and in Russia itself, prefer the risk of war to their own extinction?

NINETEEN fifty-six was not a memorable time for American fiction, for there were few if any novels which will endure, or even be remembered through the New Year. Often clever, amusing, slightly shocking, or satirical, like "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," they climbed up and down the ladders of newspaper best-seller lists with considerable agility. There were a few exceptions—for example, Mr. O'Connor's "The Last Hurrah" or Mr. Brinkley's naval comedy, "Don't Go Near the Water." There were no books by Faulkner, Hemingway, or James Jones, and few by the familiar postwar writers Elizabeth Janeway calls "reporters, come-outers, reformers."

If our novels have fallen by the wayside, the last year has brought us a flood of excellent non-fiction books, history, biography, technology, science, religion, travel, literary criticism, poetry, etc. Apparently, in a time of stress and vast changes in the structure of society, the American public still insists on knowing what kind of a world we are living in.

—H. S.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### CREATIVE REHABILITATION

IT IS WITH DEEP appreciation that I find in *SR* Dec. 22 two discussions of *one* book, John Resko's "Reprieve," dealing with the controversial subject of conditions and treatment of inmates in our correctional institutions.

This fine book may possibly mislead the public in one aspect: It is stated that the author in the opinion of the New York State Commission as well as reviewer Carl Carmer "had been completely rehabilitated" and therefore should be returned to society. This, in my opinion, is erroneous. It has been my experience that no prisoner *ever* is "rehabilitated" while incarcerated, let alone "completely." If such a thesis were valid, it would indicate that the prison and its officials have means and methods to accomplish this task. This is not so. (There are, however, two institutions in this country in which the prisoners are treated as *patients* and, therefore, are "rehabilitated" psychiatrically; one institution is in Menlo Park, New Jersey, the other in Vacaville, California.) In the case of Mr. Resko, his "rehabilitation" was accomplished by himself through the means of creative processes, a case which certainly does not lend itself to any generalization.

HANS A. ILLING.

Los Angeles, Calif.

### A LIBEL ON TENNESSEE

THE OFTEN ASTUTE Henry Hewes libels playwright Williams a little in his "The Boundaries of Tennessee" (*SR* Dec. 29). Does Hewes really believe that "Williams does not use symbols consciously"? On the contrary, Williams has very exactly defined both symbols and his use of them (with particular reference to Casanova's portmanteau cited by Hewes): "A symbol . . . is an object used to express as directly and vividly as possible certain things which could be said in pages of dull talk." Again, "Symbols, when used respectfully, are the purest language of plays."

PAUL R. BARSTOW.

Wellesley, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Hewes replies: "When I lauded Tennessee Williams for not using symbols 'consciously,' I did not mean that he was oblivious of their existence once they had been created in the spontaneous act of writing his plays. I merely meant to separate him from a whole class of authors whose use of symbols is so deliberate, logical, and arithmetical that their plays become double-crostics."*

### OTHER MENTALITIES

EDITH STERN HAS once again rendered a service to the public and to mental-health associations by giving us a clear and explicit description of the services of the psychiatrist and the psychologist in America today ("Which Doctor for the Brain?" *SR* Oct. 20). Such a sharply focused article can be expected to give us but a small portion of the larger picture, yet we need to know that the picture *is* larger. In our larger cities there are several other professionals dealing competently with personal problems. And in our rural areas, where trained "mental specialists" are practically non-existent, the family doctor, the family clergyman, and family lawyer are called upon for help—and many do an effective job. People need to know something about the work of the intermediate group of specialists: the social workers, and ministers, the medical specialists in other than psychiatry, the school guidance officers, the public health nurses—many of whom have received additional intensive training in counselling—who can give them reliable help with their problems.

WALTER W. ARGOW,
*Executive Director,*
*Wisconsin Association*
*for Mental Health.*

Madison, Wis.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

**"You'll have to get rid of this junk, Professor Volta. I just touched something and got a terrible shock."**

### ELEPHANT'S FOOT

"THE ART OF LONGJUJU" (*SR* Dec. 22) surely put an elephant's feet in the paint pots, and thus deserves first prize—hung topsy-turvey or otherwise.

Realistically, however, "artists" who produce this sort of stuff may be physically mature but are obviously so mentally juvenile that they would not be capable of understanding Lord Dunsany's stage whisper, even if they heard it.

DUNCAN MCCONNELL.

Columbus, O.

### WHO IS LONGJUJU?

LORD D. strikes me as a fellow from whom we should hear more. And Longjuju someone from whom we should see more. But just who is Lord D? And who is Longjuju? I would be further instructed in the message of Longjuju, to whom I have turned, raptly, for further revelations of "the inessentiality of all but the intellect," and for "the fruits of the intellect . . . showered so liberally upon this age."

BILL RYAN.

San Diego, Calif.

### FACT, NOT FICTION

I AM QUITE disturbed about the form in which my review of "Disaster at Dundee," by John Prebble, appeared in *SR* Jan. 12. It read as if I considered the book as a novel, instead of non-fiction, and it was placed under the fiction review heading in the magazine. The book is quite clearly non-fiction, treating a historical disaster, and in reading and writing about it I bore this fact in mind.

BORDEN DEAL.

Scottsboro, Ala.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR *apologizes to Mr. Prebble and Mr. Deal for the lapse in copy-editing that did an injustice to both.*

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

## Total Theatre

WHEN the Madeleine Renaud-Jean-Louis Barrault Company opens its engagement here next week, with **"Cristophe Colomb,"** New Yorkers will have the opportunity of seeing a piece of "total theatre." The term has come to be identified with M. Barrault, although he stakes no claim to it. In a letter to this writer he says, "Personally I don't like this word. I am not the one who thought it up. For me it's all just theatre."

However, M. Barrault does find the word useful, and when pushed describes it as follows: " 'Total Theatre' is simply the true and traditional theatre, the one which makes use of man 'in his totality,' his gestures, pantomime, dances, breath, cries, articulation, speech, poetry, and singing. In ancient times the dramatic poet was initiated in all these means of expression. Thus, he recreated life by means of the Human Being in his totality, out of which evolved a kind of orchestration for the eye and for the ear, a framework of settings, costumes, props, music, and in our time lights and, if one wishes, projected images. All these elements serve simply as framework around a center in which stands the Human Being fully utilized from his head to his toes."

M. Barrault believes that it is only because the theatre of the late nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth century have specialized in "psychological theatre" that we find outselves thinking of "total theatre" as an innovation. He points out that the Greek theatre, the Elizabethan theatre, and all other true theatre demand this full utilization of the Human Being, and that in our time the oriental theatre is more advanced in this respect than any other.

To the argument that any theatre which puts a live actor onstage utilizes man in his totality M. Barrault has this to say: "We don't think so. The Human Being in the psychological or bourgeois drama is like an orchestra put at the disposition of a composer who keeps writing for one instrument only, the spoken word. The rest of 'the orchestra' only interposes as it might in a discreet orchestration. Once in a while, however, the author's interpreter brings out for a brief instant a few bars of this orchestration. A meaningful silence in which something happens is created, a door opens

Barrault as "Christophe Colomb."

with eloquence, a locket is snapped shut at the right split second, and these moments are precisely the ones that strike the audience and remain in its memory. Thus, the minute one utilizes the human being beyond the function of a talking apparatus one discloses an infinity of possibilities that would be interesting to use more completely."

In the "total theatre" Barrault has attempted in "Cristophe Colomb" he had to go beyond merely providing a beautiful frame for an actor. The surrounding elements of scenery, light, music, etc. had to become human to the extent that they were felt and noticed by the characters and participated in the action. Thus, the production elements did not just serve to set off the author's work. They were on a par with the actors in the task of giving it meaning.

"I REMEMBER," says M. Barrault, "that great moment in Cocteau's 'The Infernal Machine' when by means of a marvelous invention of Christian Berard, Jocasta's bed-chamber actually exploded at the moment when Oedipus's true identity was revealed. At that moment men and things became equally human and burst in despair."

So it is with "Cristophe Colomb." The play begins with actors entering in a procession and deciding to retrace the life of Columbus. Just as Columbus created a new world out of his imagination, the actors try to create Columbus's life out of themselves. For an inn two men need only improvise a doorway with their arms. Lights come on and take shape according to the movements of the object illuminated. Thus, people begin to play objects, and objects people. The waves of the sea (human beings) cast a nearly dead sailor on the shore. Columbus jumps into the water to help the sailor. The two actors playing the sailor and Columbus must express at the same time and without leaving their characterization the element of the water and the tossing force of the waves. The actors must express not only the human condition, but nature as well. As Barrault states it, "The actor is in the center of life. He bathes in it. He interprets not just the man but all the theatre. He is the burning source of life. And it is this complete use of the actor that causes us to consider 'Cristophe Colomb' an attempt at 'total theatre,' and not just the fact that we have allowed its settings, its music, its lights, and its use of motion pictures to join the action."

Actually, the use of a motion picture projected against the sail of Columbus's ship is the invention of its author, the late Paul Claudel. Barrault, who is most apprehensive about mechanical gimmicks in the theatre, nevertheless believes that in certain cases a marriage of motion picture and theatre is possible. He says, "If the film only helps by showing onstage what the stage is not capable of representing, it is an impurity. But when the film joins in the stage action so that we can watch two actions occurring simultaneously, and this is the only way it can be done, the role of the film becomes necessary."

M. Barrault dislikes theory and formula because they tend to result in rigidity and sterility. He does not wish his company to have a recognizable style of performance. Rather, each play should dictate its own style. "When we do a classic play we try to be the most obedient, and when we do a new play we try to be the most audacious."

His eight-play repertoire here will include both old and new. Whether the company's amazing range will have the impact it did when it visited here the first time, four years ago, is uncertain. Miraculously, the unsubsidized company has managed to keep its same basic stars (Jean Dessaiily, Simone Valere, Pierre Bertin, etc.) despite an interval that has had its vicissitudes as well as triumphs. The failure of the "Oresteia," on which he spent two years of work, and the loss

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of the company's permanent home at the Marigny have aged M. Barrault's boyish face somewhat. But these things have not affected his vitality, his devotion, or his sense of humor. Of all men in the theatre, there is none who lives as intensely in the present as does he. He is total theatre, in the most flexible sense of the word.

"A Clearing in the Woods" is the most recent play of Arthur Laurents. Since we are indebted to Mr. Laurents for "Home of the Brave" and "Time of the Cuckoo," both of which he considers inferior to this opus, we might assume that this new unsuccessful play constitutes one of those seemingly inevitable relapses that good playwrights suffer when they give in to the periodic temptation to write for their own pleasure rather than an audience's. The play begins in a mysterious wood into which bursts a deeply troubled girl named Virginia. She indulges in some small talk with three other girls named Jigee, Ginna, and Nora, aged eight, eighteen, and twenty-two. Then she runs into an elderly drunk, who turns out to be father of them all. The youngest daughter proceeds to cut off one end of his favorite necktie, turns it around, and applies the scissors to the other end, saying, "Now I'm cutting off his tongue." Soon a self-assured young man enters with a rifle ("a sort of virile accessory") and proceeds to seduce Virginia rather disinterestedly; the two retire for a bit of offstage rapture. Then we see a scene between Ginna and a husband, discussing a problem of mutual sexual failure. Finally we see the teenage Nora set off to lose her virginity to a young woodsman on a dare.

The beginning of the second act reveals that Virginia, Ginna, Nora, and Jigee are all the same girl at different stages of development, and that Virginia is trying to get rid of these past selves in the wrong way by chasing them into her subconscious. Then we have a playback from Virginia's life with her second husband, Andy. She reveals that she cannot love him because she can only love a dream-husband. Virginia then realizes she must learn to like her past selves as they really are and stop dreaming of being what she never can be. However, the girls tell her that an end to dreams is not an end to hope, and that while she may not float over the tops of trees she might be able to climb to a branch. The girls then disappear and Virginia's psychoanalysis is completed.

Mr. Laurents's plan is a reasonable one for a play, but it fails theatrically because it neglects to arouse our curiosity or our emotions, and because the unoriginal revelations at the end do not justify an evening of trivia. Not that all the dialogue is ordinary. Lines like, "She's too smart to understand very simple things" or "there are no lasting answers, only lasting questions" are fine. But even the best of the speeches lack force in the hastily constructed context within which they are embedded.

Kim Stanley, while she never touches us as deeply as she has in the past, does make Virginia plausible. Also, director Jo Anthony, scene designer Oliver Smith, lighting designer Feder, costumer Lucinda Ballard, and composer Laurence Rosenthal have all collaborated to push the production in the direction of "total theatre." Especially effective are marvelous lighting effects that illustrate the state of Virginia's psychopathy.

Yet one wonders if "A Clearing in the Woods" gains anything by an austere and obscure approach to a serious but not very exciting problem. After all, "Lady in the Dark" added high entertainment values to the same truths. —HENRY HEWES.

Jigee, Ginna, and Nora meet Virginia (left) in Arthur Laurents's new play.

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## TV AND RADIO

### Watch Wallace!

FREEDOM'S crack is sounding four nights a week at eleven P. M. on Dumont, and the ideological strain is felt in the innermost network councils. Practised TV bookies are placing bets for and against a general contagion. Mike Wallace, a personable, ex-Chicago news-announcer, is the Patrick Henry, and the interview program "Nightbeat" is his clarion. Before Wallace rebelled he gave loyal network service as a personality-entertainer-panelist on evening and afternoon happy-small-talk and trivia programs. Then his heresy hit him. He felt impelled to talk on the air about things that interested him off it.

Once, on an afternoon network discussion program, he mentioned atheism and nudism. His mail was intense. The carpet he was called upon was soft, but he was firmly informed that "It just wouldn't do to investigate such subjects on a show like yours." Mike Wallace finally quit the captive mind. Last fall, after two years of self-imposed TV exile, he found his revolutionary opportunity on Channel 5. The station's new, competitive-minded management permitted him to develop the antithesis of the conventional interview show. "Nightbeat" eschews public conversation in public. Its formula is a pseudo-private conversation in public. Two guests, usually well known in the celebrity category of "the power elite," are each given almost thirty minutes of individual attention accompanied by what is probably the greatest amount of discussion liberty ever afforded public figures on the air. Ethel Waters on a recent program, for example, volunteered earnestly that she was born of her mother's rape by her father. A fashionable hatter on an earlier program admitted candidly that homosexuality was to be found in wearing apparel and the publisher of *Confidential*, the scandal magazine, bared himself to the waist before the camera to prove that he had been shot in South America.

Sensation is not the only sauce served up by the guests of "Nightbeat," however. William Buckley, the Milton of McCarthyism, elucidated his conservative position quite effectively on a recent program; Don Newcombe has appeared on the show, talking entertainingly about his misunderstood life as a pitcher; and Elsa Maxwell has enlivened an hour with intimate reflections on international cafe society. "Nightbeat's" range of subjects is catholic. Host Wallace and producer Ted Yates, who directs special events for Dumont, employ the showman's eye when they choose their guests. Two staff researchers carefully comb the record of upcoming guests for past actions or statements that invite challenge. The host attempts to follow a line of questions which he has prepared, but he will take off precipitately in any direction that his honest curiosity or sense of calculated excitement lead him.

Alert and well informed, a friendly but relentless examiner, Mike Wallace sits in a darkened studio with his back to the camera and lets his guests confess at will. The compulsions which bring guests to "Nightbeat's" hot seat are varied. Some have books to plug, others creeds to publicize. Still others seem to need, like drug-addicts, an incessant dosage of prestige and esteem. "Nightbeat" pays no fee. Its rewards are great, however, in the literate, sophisticated, metropolitan New York circles. These days on Madison Avenue the morning talk is commonly about last night's "Nightbeat."

A dean among television talkers, a veteran of years of network discussion, wistfully said to Mike Wallace: "I wish I could discuss on the air the things you talk about on your program." It is not exclusively the controversial aspect of "Nightbeat" which excites the pros, however. They remember the pathetic brazenness of radio's "Court of Human Relations." They have seen and heard the masked revealers of TV's filmed series, "Confidential." But these programs and others like them have been pitched at the great, multi-based audience of TV—they have been "angled down." The effectiveness of "Nightbeat" is that Mike Wallace talks on his own level to guests who reply in kind. The ephemeral snobbery of "Person to Person" pales by comparison. Diminished, too, in "Nightbeat's" vigorous light, is the often stuffy stature of "Conversations with Elder Statesmen," which forgets that the great men it approaches gained their reputations by being human.

"Nightbeat" will remain locally on Dumont until June 1957. Two of the major networks are negotiating for Wallace's services after that. One network has offered Wallace a year's guaranteed exposure in a good evening hour—sustaining if need be, sponsored if possible. There's the rub. The program has enjoyed three local New York sponsors—Heirloom Bibles, Sealy Mattress, and Chase Manhattan Bank. Can "Nightbeat" be projected, however, across the nation to rural and suburban TV audiences? Can its liberty of subject and freedom of expression be tolerated by national advertisers whose TV doctrine is "Please all—offend no one?" The heresy of "Nightbeat"—like Patrick Henry's—bears watching.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

### SESQUICENTENNIAL

Here are some cento (patchwork) verses made up of lines from the works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, born in Portland, Maine, on February 27, 1807. Mabel-Ruth Jackson of Tucson, Ariz., asks you to identify the poems from which the lines are taken. Answers on page 32.

Today we make the poet's word our own;
  Words of warning, words of cheer
By which one heart another heart divines—
  Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
  To charm, to strengthen and to teach;
An admiral sailing the high seas of thought—
  Something that is beyond the reach.

You will behold what manner of man he is—
  A sweetness as of home-made bread,
Of firesides in the silent winter nights—
  Honor and blessings on his head.

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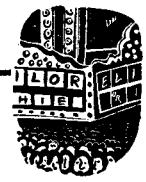

## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

### Of Guillotines and Guilt

ALTHOUGH the screen has often been used for propaganda purposes, the film makers generally prefer to conceal whatever point they have in mind under protective layers of "entertainment." "Messages are for Western Union," Hollywood's hardened wiseacres will tell you as they serve up another soggy *soufflé*. To find the cinema in the service of a genuine polemicist is rare indeed; but in **"We Are All Murderers"** (Kingsley) André Cayatte, a French lawyer turned director, proves that the experience can be genuinely stimulating. It is stimulating because M. Cayatte obviously feels strongly about his subject, capital punishment; and because, with a typically French enthusiasm for fine points, he has invented a fascinating variety of attacks upon a system that he believes to be both morally wrong and socially destructive. Irony is his weapon, and a cool, dissecting rationalism; he scrupulously avoids either sensationalism or sentimentality. As a result, "We Are All Murderers"—like Cayatte's earlier "Justice Is Done"—engages the mind throughout. Happily, Cayatte has the ability to create his intellectual excitement out of scenes and situations conceived with a sure instinct both for drama and the film medium.

Cayatte plays most of his picture in a single cell in the death house of a French prison. Centering his story on a dimwitted murderer with a taste for blood acquired during the days of the Resistance, Cayatte (who wrote the film as well as directed it) introduces an aging doctor wrongly accused of poisoning his wife, a Corsican who can't understand why he has been jailed for a vendetta killing, a man who has beaten his child to death with a poker, and a brutal rapist whose sole desire is to cheat the guillotine by suicide. Cayatte seems to be especially disturbed by the lengths to which officialdom will go to insure a legal execution, while shutting their eyes and their hearts to the conditions that produced the criminals in the first place. And he is forthrightly bitter about the barbaric form of execution still practised in France. Indeed, the film's most searing moments are those detailing the grisly preparations for each beheading.

And yet, for all the gloom that surrounds the subject, "We Are All Murderers" does not emerge as a morbid film. Cayatte is not concerned with death so much as the preservation of life. And life is clearly a precious thing to him—even the life of a social outcast, even the life of a murderer.

* * *

In marked contrast, there is a new version of **"The Barretts of Wimpole Street"** (M-G-M). Actually, it is a very good production—handsomely mounted, literate, extremely well acted. But one is constantly aware of it as a staged piece. Each camera position has been carefully chosen, each grouping scrupulously arranged, every hair of each wig in its proper place. "We Are All Murderers" feels like life—or at the very least, like a movie; "The Barretts" feels like sumptuous theatre. If it boasts any special distinction, it is in John Gielgud's icy portrait of the proud, domineering, hypocritical Edward Barrett, the father. He creates menace with the flick of an eye, a curl of the lips, reveals depths of shocking sensuality in a single kiss. Jennifer Jones is an appealing and attractive Elizabeth, while Bill Travers almost achieves the difficult feat of making the audience believe he is the youthful genius, Browning. But even at its best, "The Barretts" is good theatre, not good film.

* * *

This distinction arises even more devastatingly in a new and ambitious film version of **"Oedipus Rex"** (Kipnis), directed by Tyrone Guthrie and featuring the Shakespearean Festival Players of Stratford, Ont. On the open platform of the Stratford Playhouse, Guthrie's production was a memorable experience. The actors, larger than life in masks and cothurnus, achieved the epic stature that Sophocles had envisioned. Their movements were stately; their words sang through the masks straight to the senses of each spectator. But Guthrie's production, so right for the stage, proves altogether wrong for the movies. Long-shots from on high repeatedly diminish the characters. The boots serve to hobble the actors, making them not larger than life but strangely insecure of footing under the searching eye of the camera. The truth is that Guthrie has not made a movie of "Oedipus"; he has simply put it on celluloid.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.


RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

JENNIFER JONES
JOHN GIELGUD
BILL TRAVERS
VIRGINIA McKENNA
in
"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"
Screen Play by
JOHN DIGHTON
From the Play by RUDOLF BESIER
Directed by
SIDNEY FRANKLIN
Produced by
SAM ZIMBALIST
An M-G-M Picture
In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR

ON THE GREAT STAGE
"FIVE STAR FINAL"
Produced by Leonidoff, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Raymond Paige.

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Fredric MARCH · Florence ELDRIDGE
in
EUGENE O'NEILL'S
Long Day's Journey Into Night
$6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90—Eves. Only, 7:30
HELEN HAYES THEATRE, 46th St. West of B'way

"THE BEST FOREIGN FILM OF THE YEAR!" N. Y. Film Critics Award
"THE ONE INDISPUTABLE WORK OF ART WE SAW ALL YEAR!" Bosley Crowther, N. Y. Times
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Trans-Lux 52nd on Lexington PL 3-2434

ALBERT SCHWEITZER
in EASTMAN COLOR,
Narrated by FREDRIC MARCH and BURGESS MEREDITH
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## MUSIC TO MY EARS

# Prokofiev on Tolstoy, Stravinsky on Gide

A TWO-AND-A-HALF-HOUR opera by the late Serge Prokofiev based on Tolstoy's "War and Peace" and never before seen in this country was the NBC-TV Opera Theatre's valuable service to the country on a recent Sunday afternoon. More than ordinary interest attached to the project, for it is now all of a dozen years since the Metropolitan (then under Edward Johnson) first announced its intention of producing the work when it should become available. Had the plans matured, it is evident from this televising, it would have been one of the important events of Johnson's later period.

Before turning to the work itself and the individuals involved, a blanket commendation is in order to Producer Samuel Chotzinoff and his able staff for putting together so presentable a version of a new work. When it is considered that even Metropolitan premières have the advantage of a dress rehearsal before an audience, the effectiveness of this presentation, without even so meager a preliminary, was remarkable. It was a distance from perfection and some elements were inferior, but as a totality it withstood close scrutiny by answering the question: Just what kind of a score did Prokofiev derive from his background, his talent, and the massive subject with which he was concerned?

The answer, from this viewer and listener, would be a constantly absorbing exercise in atmospheres, backgrounds, and motives, decidedly episodic (in the manner of Russian chronicle plays), but still with a stronger line of essential story than many predecessor works in his country's literature. Perhaps because of the background against which it was written (the repulsion of the German invasion of the same "sacred homeland" where Napoleon was frustrated) there is a good deal of glorification of "Mother Russia," but Prokofiev commanded the musical fervor to make his patriotic impulse ring sincere.

He also mustered enough melodic power and vitality of emotion to make the long-drawn romance of Andrey and Natasha of operatic impact, if rather small beside the scale on which it is drawn by Tolstoy. And, in tribute to the libretto derived by the composer and Mira Mendelssohn (his wife) from the huge novel (and rendered into appropriate English by Joseph Machlis), the balls and parties, scenes and backgrounds make up an atmosphere which could be sensed and appreciated.

As resolved by Prokofiev's final revision (after discarding an earlier version that would have occupied two separate nights in the theatre) the work divides into two equal portions. From the meeting of Andrey to the abortive suicide attempt of Natasha after her unhappy affair with Kuragin, Part One is devoted to the 1810-1811 period of "peace." Part Two, beginning with the siege and battle of Borodino in August 1812, is "war": with Natasha and Andrey reunited, and Kutuzov proclaimed savior as the French retreat through the bitter winter.

PART ONE, by its social nature, is more varied and musically showy than Part Two, which devotes an hour and a quarter to the battlefield atmosphere. Its climax comes in a powerfully written scene for Kutuzov and his generals in which they discuss a plan of action. It is finally his decision to make; and Prokofiev has added nobly to the operatic literature for baritone in the dramatic aria in which Kutuzov chooses to abandon Moscow and fight another day—while outside his soldiers cheer him as the man who will "lead them to victory." Kenneth Smith, who recently did an excellent performance in Orff's "Triumph of Aphrodite," made a visually striking and musically eloquent Kutuzov.

With the single exception of Helena Scott's Natasha—her voice was persistently brittle-sounding to my ear, and she didn't provide the physical illusion of "youth and radiant beauty" described in the text—the principal parts were well cast for vocal sound and suitable appearance. Morley Meredith was a successful Andrey, David Lloyd an excellent Pierre Bezukhov, and Davis Cunningham appropriately dissolute as the "rotter" Anatol. Even Napoleon was made credible by Leon Lishner's good make-up and vocal coloration. (He will be remembered for his excellent Priest in "The Saint of Bleeker Street.") The female parts, aside from Natasha's, are relatively brief, but Beatrice Krebs lent dramatic weight to her scenes as Akhrosimova, Linda McNaughton was a good foil to Miss Scott at Sonia, and Gloria Lane gave a relevant accent to the frivolous Helene.

So far as Peter Herman Adler's musical direction is concerned, an essential tribute is implied in the serious discussion possible of the work's merits. There was, in Part One especially, a sense of discontinuity from time to time as though no strong leadership was being provided (something inherent in the way operatic TV functions and emphasized in the circumstances of an elaborate new undertaking). The orchestra did not produce the quantity of sound one suspects there is in Prokofiev's scoring, and the balance was occasionally faulty. In Part Two, which is more concentrated, largely concerned with male voices in compact groups, the aural balance and integration were better. Considering what Chotzinoff, his associate Charles Polacheck, and the resourceful Kirk Browning regarded as acceptable opera on TV five years ago, this "War and Peace" was akin to putting "The Miracle" on off-Broadway.

The audibility of the English text varied from scene to scene, from one individual to another, according to the skills of the people involved and the advantage or disadvantage of the musical situation. I was, fortunately, possessed of a typescript of the libretto, so I was aware of what the performers were trying to say, even when I wasn't sure that they were. Others, less favored, could have had a hard time following what was being sung. In this circumstance, Gian-Carlo Menotti's intermission "plug" on behalf of the NBC-TV Opera venture had a slightly hollow ring. The mere fact that something is being performed in English does not, automatically, make it understandable.

Any reasonable conclusion would have to be that this derivation from "War and Peace" provoked some strongly Prokofievian music from its gifted creator, that it was done with understanding and artistic conscience, and that its presentation notched a new mark of accomplishment for operatic TV in this country.

THERE is something irresistibly appealing about the spectacle of Igor Stravinsky conducting a performance of a suite from "Petrouchka" and reading the music from a score, as he did during his recent week of guest conducting with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. It tends to put in perspective cer-

(*Continued on page* 64)

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# Books for Young People

CHILDREN'S reading continues to be a topic of consuming concern to parents and teachers alike, leading to the proposal of many kinds of devices intended to improve and encourage it. One such device, and a good one, is a program in family reading conducted by a large industrial concern (*Harper's*, December 1956). Here books were made available to employees with an invitation to take them home and read them with their children. The only inducement that boys and girls need to read widely for pleasure and for learning is a large, carefully selected collection of books easily accessible, with someone who knows books and children at hand for guidance. If the school library, the public library children's room, the bookmobile, and the home have enough good books, the children will read.

Reviewers for this issue: Della McGregor, Chief, Youth Services, St. Paul, Minn., Public Library; Alice Brooks McGuire, Librarian, Casis Elementary School, Austin, Texas; Lucile W. Raley, Consultant in Library Service, Waco, Texas, Independent Schools; Elizabeth Williams, Supervisor, Library and Textbook Section, Los Angeles, Calif., Board of Education.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN, *Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library*

**WHISTLE FOR THE TRAIN.** *By Golden MacDonald. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Doubleday.* $2.50. All trains have a fascination for the three-to-five-year-old, and this one is especially intriguing from the first picture of the long curving track disappearing into the hills to the last tunnel with the train barely visible in the distance. There is suspense as the drawbridge rises, and there is a lesson in safety too, as the busy little train blows its whistle, warning cats and rabbits, cows as well as children to stand back as it goes "clickity, clack down the track."

—ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.

**THE BLUE MOUNTAIN.** *By Beth Lewis. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Knopf.* $2.25. Excitement abounds from beginning to end in this warm, appealing Irish fairy tale. The search for Prince Desmond's wife by his father, the good king, and his counselors is positively frightening. For, you see, the young prince loves a gentle princess of his own choosing. But, never you fear. To his rescue come the "wee folk" on Blue Mountain. They help solve the dilemma and bring about a happy ending.

Numerous detailed, fragile, fairy-like illustrations placed at strategic points make this fairy tale all the more intriguing.

—LUCILE W. RALEY.

**THE PINK HAT.** *By Velma Ilsley. Lippincott.* $2. The underlying theme of this charming little book is, "Pride goeth before a fall," but the more obvious precept is the oft-heard admonishment, "Pick up your things!" Penelope, following her customary practice, left her lovely pink hat on the floor and went out to play.

What happened while she was
away
Was very clear to Penelope.
The hat was gone! A B C
(rabbits)
Beside the satin ribbon slept.
Penelope wept!

And of course becomes a wiser (but not sadder) child. Velma Ilsley's first book, with its whimsical childlike illustrations and gay little verses, gives promise of more good things to come.

—ALICE BROOKS MCGUIRE.

**THE LOST POND.** *By Marguerite Fellows Melcher. Frontispiece by Paul Lantz. Viking.* $2.50. This is a nostalgic story of leisurely summer vacations spent by the author on her grandfather's farm in the New Hampshire mountains. The activities best remembered revolve about Pauline, who has just turned fifteen. While timidly probing and testing her desire for personal independence and acceptance as an individual in the family circle, she discovers that greater freedom of action also brings with it greater personal responsibility. This story of the gradual flowering of a young girl at the turn of the century is told with fine integrity, grace, and charm.

Since fifteen-year-old girls of today no longer lead the sheltered lives they once did, Pauline's story, and the inclusion of a mystery surrounding Lost Pond, will probably find a wider circle of readers in the twelve-to-thirteen age bracket.

—DELLA MCGREGOR.

**SECRET FRIEND.** *By Neta Lohnes Frazier. Illustrated by Henrietta Jones Moon. Longmans, Green.* $2.75. Girls under twelve will enjoy this new story about Rhoda Sperry, her family, and her friends. Rhoda's need for a close friend with whom to share secrets and daily experiences is one common to many girls at this age. The story is told with sympathetic understanding and practical realism. Rhoda puts aside giggling older sisters, self-sufficient brothers, and designing classmates when Miss Purvis, an understanding teacher, and Danny, a newly acquired boy friend, convince her of her own talents. Then she finds within herself contentment and happiness.

Black-and-white illustrations are adapted to the text. —L. W. R.

**THE HOUSE OF SIXTY FATHERS.** *By Meindert DeJong. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper.* $2.50. From an experience Mr. DeJong had while serving with Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force of World War II fame, he has made a stark and moving story of a little Chinese boy, separated from his family, and his incredible escape from Japanese-held territory. This harrowing tale, compounded of Tien Pao's terror and courage, despair and endurance, of Chinese guerrillas and their resourcefulness, of air battles high over the mountains, and of the little pig Glory-of-the-Republic, all end happily. The little boy was adopted by an American bomber unit and

"... a wiser (but not sadder) child."

—From "The Pink Hat."

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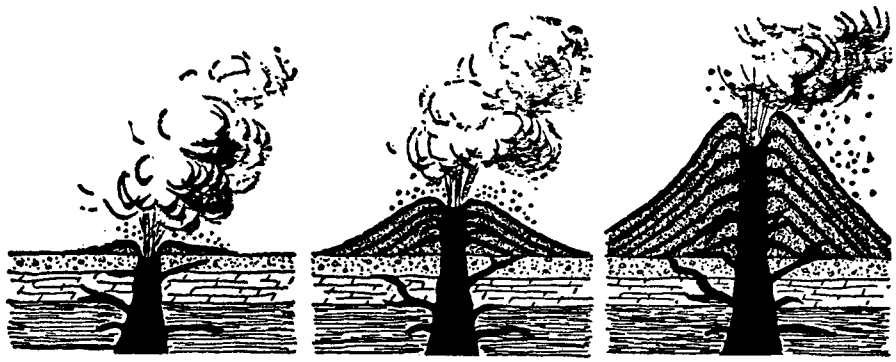


—From "Rocks and Minerals."

**Cinder cone formed by volcanic eruptions—". . . violent action."**

eventually becomes reunited with his family.

Mr. Sendak's pictures and the style of the narrative give universality to this story of a child caught by the relentlessness of war. —F. L. S.

**SABRE PILOT.** *By Stephen W. Meader. Illustrated by John Polgreen. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. Aviation is a new subject for Mr. Meader, who with his usual skill has built this fast-moving, exciting story around experiences of Kirk Owen, a boy of seventeen. Action begins when this stalwart young American turns from hot-rod racing to enlist in the Air Force during the Korean War. His experiences in becoming a "sabre pilot" and in actual combat duty will thrill young teenage boys and those older. There are vocational possibilities too. Threads of romance running through the plot add color and interest, plus special appeal for girls. Black-and-white illustrations are worthily done.

—L. W. R.

**PADEREWSKI.** *By Charlotte Kellog. Viking.* $3.50. This is both a timely and very moving biography of a great patriot, a distinguished composer, and a man loved and respected in many parts of the world. The episodes pertaining to the history of Poland have been carefully documented. The warmth of Mrs. Kellog's presentation is due largely to her many years of service as a Polish relief worker.

Because of the diversity of Paderewski's interests, and the tensions of his era, the character of the biography is of necessity complex, but only in the sense that the development of a theme in a well-knit symphony is complex. This compact, well-integrated, tragic account of Paderewski's struggle for Poland's liberation leaves one with much the same upsurge of feeling one experiences following a performance of Sibelius's "Finlandia." —D. McG.

**ROCKS AND MINERALS AND THE STORY THEY TELL.** *By Robert Irving. Illustrated by Ida Scheib and with photographs. Knopf.* $2.75. Emphasis on science in the school curriculum will bring this interesting book into focus for parents, teachers, librarians, and boys and girls of upper elementary grade levels. Stories about the formation of mountains, continents, and oceans; volcanoes as scenes of violent action in rocks; hiding places in rocks for gold, silver, diamonds, and rubies, as well as iron, coal, uranium, and thorium, have real human interest. The last chapter tells how to start a rock collection. Numerous black-and-white drawings and photographic illustrations explain the text. An added feature is an index at the end of book.

—L. W. R.

**THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF ARCHAEOLOGY.** *By Ronald Jessup. Art by Norman Battershill and Kenneth Symonds. Diagrams by Isotype Institute. Garden City.* $2.95. Readers of all ages will be pleased that another title has been added to the "Wonderful World" series. Ronald Jessup, practical excavator and skilled writer, tells how archeologists have solved the world's most baffling jig-saw puzzle, the history of man's past. Historical events, told in legendary form and in chronological sequence, give credit to all members of the great exploration team—amateur collectors of Ur, primitive hunters, Biblical kings and leaders, ancient artists, merchants, atomic scientists, and flying photographers.

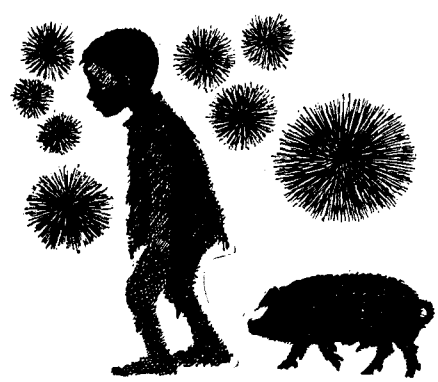
Over 250 full-color paintings, maps, photographs, and diagrams add action and understanding to the readable, accurate text. —L. W. R.

**TIME FOR THE STARS.** *By Robert A. Heinlein. Scribner's.* $2.75. Hundreds of years in the future, when exploration of our space extends beyond radio waves, the Long Range Foundation uses twins skilled in mental telepathy as communicators on an expedition to the stars. Tony, who goes on the torchship, remains ageless, while earthbound Pat becomes an old man. With his usual mixture of fact and fancy, Robert Heinlein tells a plausible story that moves quickly. Epidemics and attacks by strange creatures kill most of the crew and lead to a near mutiny. Grimmer than most of the author's books, this one will be read with interest by hardier high school space fans. —E. W.

**THE STRANGER.** *By Stella Weaver. Illustrated by Genevieve Vaughan-Jackson. Pantheon Books.* $2.75. The mysticism and beauty of the green countryside of Ireland is pictured here as Edmund and his sister Emily search for the mystery surrounding the childhood home of their father. Their adventures with the perils of rivers and steep cliffs in the wild mountains are vividly described as they lose their way seeking to solve the secret of *Donarink,* the old estate which Edmund has inherited. They are guided by the "stranger" who personifies an angel manifesting himself as a guardian spirit to guide them in distress. Teen-age readers will enjoy this sensitive story of the Irish people and their way of life. —E. W.

**THAT JONES GIRL.** *By Elizabeth Hamilton Friermood. Doubleday.* $2.75. The last year of World War I is the background for this high school story, which will have the same reality for girls as one set in the present year. Plain Lizzie Lou, struggling with lack of confidence, indulges in self-pity and day-dreaming over Theda Bara movies. When Aunt Lou, a Broadway actress, comes to recuperate from an influenza attack, Lizzie Lou discovers the difference between a genuine personality and movie glamor. The gaiety and charm of the actress infect the somber household and make the Jones girl into a believable social success. The year 1918 is brought vividly to life with bond rallies, meatless days, and popular songs—all a part of our near past which up to now has been neglected in young people's fiction.

—E. W.



—From "The House of Sixty Fathers."

**". . . stark and moving."**

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## American Society

*Continued from page 14*

other suburbia—that they approach absurdity.

When the rampaging Mr. Keats speaks of psychological and financial problems he cavalierly fails to mention that these are not monopolized by any means by the development suburbanite, a fact made plain recently in A. C. Spectorsky's bristling dissection of that gilded species "The Exurbanites," and William H. Whyte Jr.'s report on our nation's middle class represented by "The Organization Man."

One of the few telling points in Keats's negative recital seems to be the charge that the mass-produced development has a deadly sameness of appearance, a "homogeneous, postwar Hell." Again, suburbia, like other sectors, has its share of architectural monstrosities. You will find that over the years the face of a development changes in degree to the ingenuity of the homeowner in making the exterior and interior of his house look tastefully different from that of his neighbor. A good deal of individuality is at play here.

In a final convulsion of disgust with developments Keats suggests that "some business firm . . . gobble them up and put them on a rental basis." It is hard for me to see what this would accomplish other than destroy my and other suburbanites' advantage and pride in being our own landlords, our active participation in civic affairs to improve community life, and the deep satisfaction in shaping up grounds and home with our hands.

Up to a point it is amusing to watch the widening of "The Crack in the Picture Window," but when Keats wields a verbal sledge hammer to wreck the living room, kitchen, and even the bedroom, he lapses into irresponsibility. Perhaps his inability to strike roots—he claims to have wandered about the forty-eight states—accounts for his jaundiced view of the suburbanite's healthy permanence. Though he is a remote relation to the English poet John Keats, he is even more remote in his understanding of the "poetic" and material rewards—despite inevitable frictions and growing pains—that suburbia has to offer.

# The Organization World of William H. Whyte, Jr.

*A Review of "The Organization Man," by* Gilbert Seldes

I DO NOT know in what terms to make my admiration of "The Organization Man" persuasive to the reader of a review. I read the book before I knew I would be writing about it, read it with sheer pleasure in following a close argument on an absorbing subject, cleanly and clearly written, documented without pedantry, witty and shocking and full of illuminating details. Having long escaped the satisfactions and intrigues of working for an organization, I kept feeling that this book told me something I should have known—I had experienced something I didn't understand. The book is a revelation—and it is about a revolution.

The revolution is against the individual, particularly against those whom *Time* once named "the free-wheeling s.o.b.'s." Here is the story of the great migration of Americans, not from the farm to the city, not from the laboring to the service jobs, but from independence to organization as the basic mode of existence.

The second rule of reviewing is not to review a book by quarreling with what another reviewer said. I propose to violate this rule since I have obeyed the first one—I've read the book. A few weeks ago Miss Dawn Powell, a witty novelist and usually a perceptive person, wrote of it, in the *New York Post,* as if Mr. Whyte were defending what he is actually describing. She called the author "Univac Whyte" and said he "would like to have you think that some of the time his tongue is in his cheek. But it isn't. It's right there lapping up the saucer."

Let's see. Mr. Whyte is describing "the dominant members of our society . . . their values will set the American temper." These people accept what Whyte calls a Social Ethic (as against the Protestant Ethic of individual salvation through work, thrift, and competition). This Social Ethic has three major propositions: "a belief in the group as the source of creativity; a belief in 'belongingness' as the ultimate need of the individual; and a belief in the application of science to achieve the belongingness."

His study has a section on the Organization Scientist, beginning with "the Fight Against Genius" in which we discover not only that only 4 per cent of all the money (government, industry, and universities) spent on research is allotted to the section called "pure," but that of the 235 top scientists in the country only four are in industry. With the honorable exceptions of Bell Laboratories and General Electric no industrial research is manned by top people and "chemists could think of only one new chemical reaction discovered by an American chemical company during the last fifteen years."

Of the Social Ethic which produces such results, and similar ones in wholesaling and education and living generally, Whyte has this to say in summing up: it is redundant, it is premature, it is delusory, it is self-destructive. What he doesn't say is that there is no good in it and no hope to transform it. His job is to make us aware of what's going on.

One of the things going on is the system of recruiting organization men and one of its weapons is personality measurement. Whyte had a lot of fun with tests and filing systems and Activity Vector Analysts. If you want to work for Sears, Roebuck you would cheat by pretending to be obtuse in esthetic and cultural matters, since "there is evidence that such interests are detrimental to success."

The book is full of things like this—with shrewd glances into the suburbia inhabited by the organization man and sidelights on religion and education, fiction and the movies. They are all cool and shrewd.

How could anyone imagine that Mr. Whyte—except for the fact that he works for a big organization—really admires the life which the organization man must lead? I think I know the answer. This book is in the same area as C. Wright Mills's "The Power Elite," a much abused but excellent work in itself. Unlike "The Power Elite" it hands the material and the utensils over to you and lets you churn up your own indignation. It tells you why people succumb to the organization life and lets you pity or scorn them, as you will. It doesn't try to organize *you.* And is, in my mind, all the better for it. It's our turn to think, now. And to think fast.

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# Poland's Tragic Debacle

***"Fighting Warsaw," by Stefan Korbonski*** *(translated by F. B. Czarnomski. Macmillan. 495 pp. $6.75), is the memoir of a leading participant in the Polish underground movement from 1939 to 1945. Samuel L. Sharp, professor of international relations at American University and author of "Poland: White Eagle on a Red Field," is our reviewer.*

By Samuel L. Sharp

ONE of the most remarkable aspects of the current devolution of Soviet control in eastern Europe is its rather peaceful course in, of all places, Poland, reputed to be the homeland of romantic hotheads rather than cool schemers. The fighting city this time has been Budapest, not Warsaw. True, developments in Poland started with the bloody outbreaks in Poznan, but the course of events has been marked by restraint and an awareness of limitations, an art supposedly alien to Poles.

Actually, Polish history, especially since the partitions of the eighteenth century, has known alternating cycles of heroic transport and "positivist" adaptation to reality. The reputation of the Poles was made by the romantic —and romanticized—exploits, not by the periodic attempts to do the feasible, though the latter often resulted in tangible advantages to the nation while the former frequently brought ruin, suffering, and frustration. It may, of course, be premature to praise the Poles for their restraint or to cluck in amazement over their realism. However, to date the regime led by Gomulka seems to have achieved a large measure of national support or, at least, gratitude for negotiating Russian control out of Poland without one more round of bloodshed.

Against the background of current events in Poland Stefan Korbonski's "Fighting Warsaw," an account of the operations of the Polish underground state between 1939 and 1945, strikes one with its curious sort of timeliness. It is largely the story of an impressive, heroic, and costly undertaking which, because of the tragic complications of Poland's wartime situation, could not possibly be successful. The author himself now has some doubts whether the organized resistance, in which he played an active and creditable role, necessarily made sense. "Writing about it today," he says, "I am not at all sure we were right" to reject without discussion the possibility of passively awaiting the end of the war or seeking to come to terms with the Germans. And again: "Legitimate doubts may arise about whether . . . it was worth while to shed so much blood for such meager results." But those are the musings of a political exile informed by hindsight. After surviving many a narrow escape under Nazi occupation as director of civil resistance and kingpin of a communications system which maintained liaison with London Mr. Korbonski, a former associate of Mikolajczyk, eventually had to escape from Poland, to employ his talents on behalf of yet one more liberation of his homeland.

THE operating assumption of that underground in which the author, a leader of the Peasant Party and a lawyer of some prominence, was active, derived from the belief that it was the duty of the Poles to make a substantial contribution to the war effort and to play a part which the Allies would be bound "to recognize and to appreciate." "We wanted to . . . become as big an item on the active side of the final balance sheet as possible."

This was the policy of the Polish government-in-exile and of its arm in German-occupied Poland, the "underground state." Unfortunately for the Poles they were only the first, but not the most valuable fighting partner of the West. At one point the Soviet Union, through Hitler's act of suicidal folly, became a very important ally of the United States and Great Britain. However, in the case of Poland the ally of her allies was no ally, but a co-partitioner of Poland, determined to preserve the fruits of victory in the new combination. Poles in exile now pride themselves on having been right about the Russians so much earlier than anyone else. But being prematurely right is impolitic and unprofitable.

Mr. Korbonski's personal account, somewhat disjointed and overloaded by near-gossipy detail that has a Warsaw flavor in Polish but must be bewildering to the foreign reader, conveys the feeling of frustration in which the Polish pro-London underground was caught as the war was drawing to an end. It adds relatively little that is new to the story of the Warsaw uprising of August 1944. Militarily conceived as action against the Germans—who were believed to be, but were not yet, in full retreat—the uprising aimed politically at embarrassing the incoming Russians. It was, of course, foolish to hope that the unblushing despots in the Kremlin would be embarrassed or moved by the fact of the Poles' contribution to the defeat of the Germans. The tragic debacle of the Warsaw uprising is one of the reasons why "fighting Warsaw" is moving so cautiously these days.

Mr. Korbonski's book, valuable as a personal memoir of a leading participant in the operations of the "underground state," would be more impressive if the author's literary talents matched his courage and frankness.

"How come none of the quiz shows uses our bank?"

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# Nazi Roots

***"Germany in the Twentieth Century," by Edmond Vermeil*** *(translated by L. J. Ludovici. Praeger. 288 pp. $5.50), is a French historian's analysis. Fritz Stern, assistant professor of history at Columbia University, is our reviewer.*

By Fritz Stern

EDMOND VERMEIL is a veteran French observer of modern Germany, who in the last forty years has written a dozen books interpreting the mysterious, often frightening ways of the Germans to his own countrymen. A humane patriot and a democrat, he has always shown sympathy tempered by suspicion for the democratic Germans and strong indignation for the aggressive anti-democrats. During the Third Reich his attitude hardened. His most recent work, now published here as "Germany in the Twentieth Century," emphasizes the tragic continuity of German history and depicts Nazism merely adventitious episode tringes of the German tradi-..on," but as the triumph of deep-rooted historic traditions and tensions in modern Germany.

M. Vermeil is close to the wartime school of historians who developed an elaborate genalogy of Nazi ideas and saw the roots of Nazism in Luther, say, or Fichte. He devotes a large part of his work to the study of this, bringing out again all the familiar names, the Pan-Germans, the anti-democrats and the anti-Semites, Spengler and Lagarde. In the individual instance M. Vermeil is usually correct and perceptive, but one wonders whether the pursuit of ideological ancestors is itself valid or rewarding. Ideological villains, after all, have flourished in every country, and what the historian should explain is not the greater frequency of such writers in Germany but the terrible weakness of German political institutions and the feeble political sense of the German community which allowed their base ideas to overwhelm decent men and responsible governments.

Nor should the historian assume—as M. Vermeil does—that ideology dominated the Nazi state. The Nazis did believe in racism and a crude Darwinism, but for the rest they were nihilists who sought to overcome their resentment by ambition and aggression, and who improvised evil as the occasion allowed or the exigency demanded. A book that mentions Himmler only twice, and then in passing,

Hitler—". . . product of historic tradition."

and Moeller van den Bruck or Spengler in a dozen places and at length, cannot come to grips with the true nature of the Nazi movement or with German totalitarianism.

Even in dealing with the political and economic developments of the Weimar and Nazi states M. Vermeil emphasizes the sinister role of ideology, though he admits "that there was no truly coherent economic doctrine under the Nazi régime." He considers the Weimar democracy as a brief interlude, a more or less conscious prelude to Hitler. He notes the economic disasters that befell the defeated Germany and threatened the material existence of its masses and also stresses the various interest groups, the industrialists and the military, for example, who from this general misery snatched power and profit. The political institutions of Weimar were equally enfeebled; M. Vermeil holds that Weimar's doom was sealed by the election of General Hindenburg in 1925, "when all power was handed to the President." One must quarrel with this conclusion, the more so as it is unhappily characteristic of M. Vermeil's penchant for "single-cause" explanations.

THE four chapters on the Nazis are ill-proportioned. A few excellent insights into the movement—"it both seduced and terrorized its adherents"—are buried underneath a long account of Nazi ideology and a review of the better-known aspects of Hitler's policies. The analysis of Nazi economics is derived almost exclusively from Franz Neumann's "Behemoth," which, to be sure, remains the most penetrating analysis of the Third Reich, but which was written in wartime, and without the aid of the enormous source material now at our disposal. Throughout this synthetic, interpretative essay M. Vermeil draws on his long-accumulated knowledge of German affairs and on some secondary works and omits the new sources. This may help to explain why he doesn't progress beyond the unsatisfactory view that Nazism was at one and the same time the chosen instrument of German heavy industry, "the servant of high capitalism," and the product of pernicious German ideology. He combines a rather simple-minded Marxian view with an overly intellectualized emphasis on the autonomy and historical importance of ideas.

The English title of the work is misleading—as is so much else in this shoddily translated, carelessly produced edition. The two-volume French edition dealt with Germany since 1890; the present volume covers only the period after 1918. The title hardly matters; it is much more important to note that M. Vermeil deserved a better fate than to have his work nearly disfigured by mistranslations and careless proof-reading which leave many misspellings and incorrect dates.

**THE PROBLEM OF JAPAN:** A few days before his death in 1950 former Japanese diplomat Togo Shigenori gave over to the safekeeping of his German wife, Ise, the laboriously handwritten manuscript which now appears in English as **"The Cause of Japan"** (translated by Togo Fumihiko and Ben Bruce Blakeney; Simon & Schuster, $5). As foreign minister at the time of Pearl Harbor and again at the end of the war, and career foreign service officer during his entire adult life, Mr. Shigenori had the opportunity to make a genuinely valuable contribution to our understanding of the war in the Pacific, and he has made it. His book is, moreover, a perplexing human document, for it combines remarkable candor with a curiously detached, amoral view of momentous events.

On the personal level the book attempts to condemn as unjust the International Military Tribunal's conviction of Mr. Shigenori for "conspiracy to wage aggressive war"; his argument is that he worked sincerely to avoid war, and to end it as quickly as possible once commenced. Historically the book is most interesting for the light it throws on the conduct of Japanese-American negotiations immediately before the war. For example, in writings and public statements Ambassador Grew charged, among other things, that war might have been averted if the United States had agreed to the proposed Konoye-Roosevelt meeting in the autumn of 1941, a charge that former State Department official Herbert Feis has contested strenuously in his book "The Road to Pearl Harbor." On this matter Mr. Shigenori would seem to agree in fact if not in principle with

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# Fiction

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poetry. "Our Revels Now Are Ended" is a joy to read if your ear is attuned at all to prose rhythms. Now that he has moved into this new strength of style and insight, perhaps it is not too much to hope that Jonas will get off his psychiatric kick.

**BETWEEN TWO WORLDS:** A good psychological story like Eileen Bassing's **"Home Before Dark"** (Random House, $3.50) is a rarity. Although this is her first novel, Miss Bassing deftly sidesteps textbook banalities and subtly penetrates the dark corners of Charlotte Bronn's mind as she returns from a mental institution to encounter a situation that would faze a normal woman. As a small-town faculty wife of a chillingly self-centered man who is heir to a departmental chairmanship she must act as if nothing happened, despite her urge to unburden herself and purge the past. We watch absorbed as she strives to heal wounds inflicted by her husband's clandestine affair with another woman and almost childishly tries to win him back by imitating his mistress's make-up and dress, only to fall into a gaucherie that causes embarrassing public whispering. A natural flow of everyday talk and incidents hides the reef-like hazards of Charlotte's environment, creating an eery atmosphere reminiscent of Mary Jane Ward's "The Snakepit."

—Siegfried Mandel.

**LIFE WITH THE TEEN-AGERS:** In Margaret Lee Runbeck's posthumously published work, **"Miss Boo Is Sixteen"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), we find our Miss Boo grown older—a junior miss set against a California background, for Boo now goes to Beverly Hills High School. Boo's crises are interspersed with little essays, anecdotes, rambling reminiscences, and some nostalgic, sentimental backward looks on the author's part. Boo's own problems are the usual ones of her age. Will she be asked to the Prom? Will she have a beau? After agonizing uncertainty on the part of young and old alike, the answer is Yes. There are sidelights on various school mates . . . and "but natch," the teen-age jargon. Sometimes this seemed to me *over*-done.

A comedy character, the eighty-nine-pound Japanese houseman, Dr. Frank Frederick Ishinara, known as Tumpti, somewhat runs away with the book. Though this inscrutable Oriental may have roots going back to Mr. Moto, he is on the whole a fresher creation than Boo, who is a little too much like Everygirl.

This all makes easy, light reading, with humor and sentiment worked into the pattern, some of it warm and sympathetic, some of it a little obvious and oversentimental. As Miss Runbeck says, "Boo tells us about some episode in her comic-strip existence." That is almost too apt a comparison. On the good side, there are some touching things like Boo's cry, "I'm half-way between!" that are part of the universal human experience.

—Rosemary C. Benét.

**DULY NOTED: "Twilight for the Gods,"** by Ernest Gann (Sloane, $3.95), matches the tempest of the sea with the emotional turmoil that stirs the crew and passengers of the three-masted *Cannibal*. At the center of it all is Charlotte, whose attempts to live down a come-on girl's past are temporarily stymied by the blackmailing chief mate, who tries to come between her and the sentimental skipper. Like Mr. Gann's "The High and the Mighty," this is a sharp-bowed tale expertly and entertainingly maneuvered.

**"The Four of Them,"** by Layne Shroder (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), throws two couples together at an art colony with some stormy results: in a moment of irresponsibility Sarie leads the emotionally greedy artist Jeff into an affair that almost wrecks their family lives. The moral message in this first novel by the daughter of Mackinlay Kantor is strong, but it is weakened by the hurried and abrupt manner of its telling.

**"Morning Red,"** by Frederick Manfred (Alan Swallow, $6), minutely describes the clandestine loves, lusts, and political intrigues of a Western city that are brought to public view by a rape case. It may not be a compliment to compare it to "Peyton Place," but all the sex and mayhem in that current best-seller are catalogued here on even a more kaleidoscopic and sprawling scale by a writer who is better known as Feike Feikema.

**"Israel Argosy: Number 4,"** edited by Isaac Halevy-Levin (Yoseloff, $3.75), and **"Tehilla and Other Israeli Tales"** (Abelard-Schuman, $3.50) both give an impressive sampling of contemporary Israeli fiction, revealing the depth of feeling for the land of the new and old settlers. The Levin volume also includes some moving poetry and an article on ancient monuments.

**"The Proving Flight,"** by David Beaty (Morrow, $3.75), propels readers over the Atlantic on the trial flight of a British turbo-jet whose kinks keep all passengers on edge. Mr. Beaty's experience as a flier serves him well in his crisp descriptions of aerial danger and human reactions.

**"Off Limits,"** by Hans Habe (translated by Ewald Ossers; Fell, $4.95), scored a huge success in the original German version, possibly because it showed that the American postwar occupation forces were just as moral and immoral as the Germans. To prove his point, Herr Habe neatly balances his characters: the pervert Major O'Hara and the concentration camp commandeuse Frau Gruss; kindly Major Green and anti-Nazi Dr. Wild; and a complement of minor figures who alternately praise and indict both sides. Patches of effective oratory, revealing reportage, and murky dramatics are the components of this highly charged novel.

**"No Wall So High,"** by [illegible] lotson (Lippincott, $3.50), [illegible] gradual emancipation of Ani[illegible] from a tradition-encased Southe[illegible] to her entry into a semi-Bohemia[illegible] her way she copes with the raucous rivalry of a college sorority and a marriage contracted in haste but regretted at leisure. A mature first novel that deals convincingly with a woman's quest for stability.

**"Our Glad,"** by Joyce Warren (Harper, $3.50), is family portrait of the Millers, including five daughters, who traveled the English vaudeville circuit some thirty years ago. Minor on-stage triumphs and major off-stage heartbreaks as well as the engaging chitchat peculiar to theatrical itinerants make this an appealing story.

—S. P. Mansten.

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Morituri Salutamus." 2. "The Building of the Ship." 3. "Lady Wentworth" ("Tales of a Wayside Inn"). 4. "The Legend of the Crossbill" (translation). 5. "Chaucer" ("A Book of Sonnets"). 6. "The Singers" ("The Seaside and the Fireside"). 7. "Possibilities." 8. Interlude between "The Bell of Atri" and "Kambalu" ("Tales of a Wayside Inn"). 9. "Charlemagne" ("Tales of a Wayside Inn"). 10. Interlude between "The Battle of Carmilhan" and "Lady Wentworth." 11. "Emma and Eginhard" ("Tales of a Wayside Inn"). 12. Prelude to "Paul Revere's Ride" ("Tales of a Wayside Inn").

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# Writers and Writing

*Continued from page 19*

is that the brother is a sibling rival and that the homosexuality in Proust's real life consists of "remnants of incestuous ties to his mother—usually turned around so that he loved a brother-image as his mother once loved him." But the analyst goes even further and says, quoting Freud, that the initial difficulty was "the effect of the trauma of his mother's pregnancy" and, for him, the proof of this is a certain number of "intra-uterine symbols connected with water, air, and rooms (prisons or cages), and clothing" which he finds in Proust's work. The "python about to swallow a lion in a cage," which Marcel envisions after losing Albertine, he considers to be a swallowing, suffocating image which is related both to Proust's homosexuality and to his asthma. All of this is plausible and probably would be even more convincing if the author, in his urbanity, were not afraid of boring the reader with his proof. To doubt would be to undermine the very foundations of psychoanalysis.

Devotees of Proust would be [illegible] to these deductions if they [illegible] also affect the interpretation [illegible] Proust's work. It is a far cry from the psychoanalysis of Hamlet to that of Marcel in "Remembrance of Things Past" or of his prototype Jean in "Jean Santeuil." Whereas the conclusions relative to Hamlet would have very doubtful validity, those relative to Proust's autobiographical characters are fundamental since, without knowing the word, Proust was obviously attempting a psychoanalysis of himself. From his unconscious he dredged out a quantity of unconscious symbols of which he did not always understand the meaning. In this regard Dr. Miller's analysis of dreams in Proust is particularly illuminating. All of these unconscious symbols, which we had looked upon heretofore as mere metaphors, now have an even more subtle meaning.

At the same time Proust sought, in his work, to verbalize his experience by attributing aspects of it to his symbolical characters. Overlooking the fact that many of the major characters were supposedly observed in reality, Dr. Miller defines them all as mother-images (even Madame Verdurin, the Duchesse de Guermantes, and Albertine), father-images (even Charlus), or brother-images (particularly Saint-Loup, whose first name is significantly "Robert" and whose "Loup" is a family expression of endearment), thus relating them all to the intimate drama of Proust's own life. In this manner Dr. Miller tries to lay the ghost of Albertine's sexual ambiguity; to him she is definitely feminine despite her masculine origins in real life.

While Dr. Miller's essay restricts even more the seriously impaired universality of Proust's work (that is to say, the kind of classical universality which Proust claimed to have put in it), it adds a new dimension to it which will heighten its interest in this psychoanalytic age.. The only quarrel which Proust specialists will have with Dr. Miller is for suggesting an influence of Freud on Proust. Dr. Miller establishes only the most tenuous connection (albeit an interesting one) between the two and overlooks the existence of "pre-Freudian" ideas among French psychologists in Proust's day.

**PROUST EXPLAINED (CONT'D):** The recent publication of new writings by Proust has deepened interest in the structure and composition of his great novel, known in its English translation as "Remembrance of Things Past." (The title is not quite accurate, for "A la recherche . . ." implies a more dynamic activity than mere remembrance.) From scattered fragments of his manuscripts there has been reconstructed the novel "Jean Santeuil," in which we see many of the motifs and materials of his published masterpiece. And more recently, additional unpublished fragments dealing with the development of his esthetic have been published as "Contre Saint Beuve," which is still untranslated.

The prime virtue of the new book **"Proust,"** by J. M. Cocking (Yale University Press, $2.50), is that it fully utilizes these newly discovered writings to explain the masterpiece, and it deals besides with Proust's whole intellectual and artistic development, stressing more than earlier commentators the influence on him of English nineteenth-century writers. Although Mr. Cocking's study is merely a longish essay (seventy-eight pages), it makes fairly difficult reading. He assumes that his readers have not only been introduced to Proust's great novel but have also read it and are ready for further enlightenment. ("The Mind of Proust," by F. C. Green is still the most thorough analysis of it.) There is abundant enlightenment here, if the reader will work his way through the essay. A more spacious format, instead of the cramped printing, would make that task easier.

—Robert Halsband.

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# A Republic and Its Natural Diseases

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free elections and roused social hatreds. There were Romans who maintained private armies and murdered opponents with near impunity. The populace at large took a sort of pride in the enormous bribes by which offices were gained, even as people today are amused—God knows why—by the tremendous incomes of famous comedians.

The neglect of public duty and ultimate catastrophe lay at the end of the road. Cicero was not alone in lamenting the ruin brought about by luxury, self-indulgence, and pleasure. Pleasure, he said, "that enemy which lurks deep within us entwined in all our senses, that counterfeit of the good and source of all evil." Efforts to divert people from a life of ostentatious self-indulgence by penalizing its more obvious manifestations were of great antiquity in Rome. In the early centuries of the Republic the natural good sense of the founding fathers and the public spirit of their descendants were thought to have made such measures unnecessary, but already in the days of Cicero's grandfather more direct attacks through sumptuary laws and public penalties were considered necessary to restrain the greedy self-indulgence and luxurious display of a pleasure-seeking wealthy class. By Cicero's day all effort to hold them in check had been given up and the many incitements to luxury which he held to be the cause of ruin among states had free run. Ancient loyalties, the spirit of unquestioning public service along with the customs of immemorial ancestry were no longer revered. They had not been restored by a religious reformation or by the equivalent of our Puritan spirit and it was therefore, said Cicero, "by our own fault and not by any accident" that the Republic perished.

### WHO ARE THE PEOPLE?

What should be the goal or end towards which all should strive without letting considerations of their personal comfort, convenience, and profit stand in their way? In the great days of the Roman Republic, as very generally in our own day, the average man probably bothered his head very little with such a puzzle, satisfying himself easily enough with "the trivial round, the common task." It was no mere rhetorical exercise but the burden of public responsibility which drove Cicero, as it has driven other reflective minds, to try to look below this surface of life and to try to grasp the essence of a republic. When he wrote that a republic is a body of people held together by a partnership in justice and that it is a commonwealth because it represents the common interest of the people he provoked the question, who, in this context, *are* the people?

The practical Roman mind was far too close to reality to imagine for one moment that all men were equally endowed by nature with innate ability, insight, or genius. A division of society or the people into classes was for them a natural consequence of the varying abilities of mankind. An obvious class division arises when those with the greatest natural endowments and abilities are separated from those with the least ability by a "middle" class into which are lumped together all those of average insight and ability. In this context "ability" need mean no more than the power to achieve success in activities prized by society at any given time. Whatever else may be required of an ideal commonwealth, it must clearly recognize the existence of different classes and somehow manage to bring them into harmony and concord.

Here we must add that American society, especially since 1940, cannot be divided along "class" lines like the Roman. The vast majority of Americans, regardless of the way they earn a living, earn enough somehow to eat and house themselves in what must be called a "middle-class" way: unskilled laborers buy homes, cars, refrigerators, and even stocks. The divisions in American society—which I don't think we should assume are less dangerous than those in Rome—are sectional and racial, and hence give a different look to the difficulties and disharmonies that trouble the state.

### SOCIAL HARMONY AND THE RULE OF LAW

The great question of how harmony is to be achieved in a republic was solved by Cicero not with specious talk about the rightful supremacy of a master-race of *Herrenvolk* on Nazi lines and certainly not by demagogic claptrap in favor of minority (Bolshevik) parties purporting to personify so-called peoples' republics or peoples' democracies. "There can be nothing more horrible," he said, "than that monster which falsely assumes the name and appearance of a people." The notion of different classes cooperating in harmony, was, as it has often been since, borrowed from the world of music. "A State," said Cicero, "is made harmonious by agreement among dissimilar elements brought about by a fair blending of the upper, middle, and lower classes, just as if they were musical tones."

Pleasant as such an analogy may be, it does not of itself compel assent. To demonstrate its plausibility and possibility Cicero, following Plato before him, relied upon the idea of justice to complete his argument. "A people exists only when the individuals who make it up are bound together by a partnership in justice." He was consequently led, in his search for this justice upon which social concord rests, to develop the idea of a natural law founded in self-evident reason, virtue, and the nature of things.

The foundation of justice is not to be sought in the wishes of the people, the decrees of their rulers, or in the decisions of their judges. On the contrary, these themselves are i
be just or unjust by the
reason from which natur
is an emanation. Justice
said Cicero, is not a produ
thought, but something etern
rules the whole universe by i
dom in command and prohibition.

Part of the tragic knowledge of our times—which perhaps only men of our times have really seen clearly—is that the Natural Law to which Cicero and other classic writers appealed in outlining their Ideal Society is a different order of entity from, say, the Natural Law of Gravity. It is impossible even to imagine "breaking" the Law of Gravity—for a scientific principle is merely the expression of what is and what must be—but it is all too possible to imagine societies which break with —for considerable periods—the principles of common decency and humanity. It would be perhaps easier now than in Caesar's day for one of our modern societies—equipped with technological devices undreamt of in 50 B.C.—to set up a state where Cicero's "natural laws" were indefinitely suspended, and mankind stretched on the rack for centuries. But a modern society can also more easily establish a gentler and sounder state than the Romans could—a genuine "welfare state" which cherishes the helpless and encourages the strong, which does away with sham in creating a Republic of the Spirit. This is every free man's aim.

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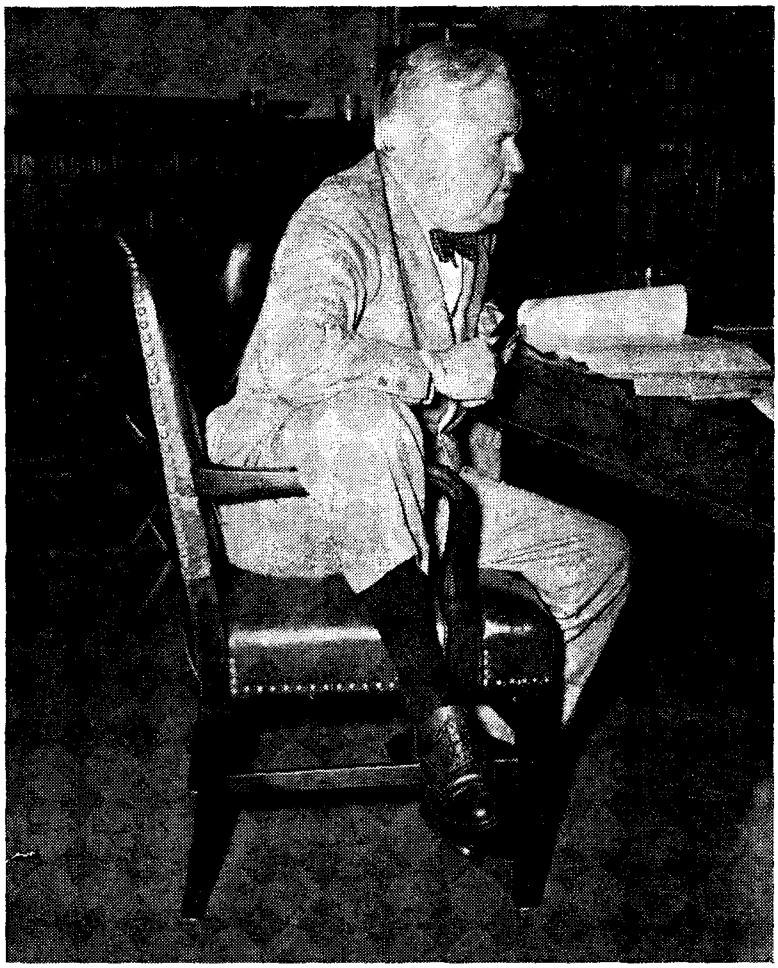

Mr. DeGolyer testifying before a Congressional committee some years ago.

# MR. DE OF TEXAS

By CLEVELAND AMORY, *author of "The Proper Bostonians" and "The Last Resorts," and a contributing editor of* SR, *who is working on a biography of Mr. DeGolyer to be published in 1959 at the time of the 100th anniversary of the oil business.*

A FEW weeks ago, at eleven o'clock on a Friday morning, Mr. Everette Lee DeGolyer, oil man, book man, and Chairman of the Board of this magazine, was sitting in his office in Dallas, Texas. "Mr. De," as he was called—it was pronounced "Dee"—was seventy years old, a small, round Humpty-Dumpty-looking man with an odd, quizzical expression and a humorously grumpy manner. He was talking with the son of a friend of his, a young man named Mortimer Kline.

Mr. Kline, the son of a Beverly Hills lawyer, was twenty-three years old. He had come, like so many other young men for so many years, to sit at the feet of the great success story of the oil business—to learn the secret of that success. In the time they talked the young man learned a lot about a great many things, but he learned no secrets and very little about success. "Nobody worth a damn," Mr. De said, "ever thinks of himself as successful. All he thinks of are his missed opportunities."

One thing the young man did not learn, for example, was what only a few close friends knew—that for the past few years Mr. De had fought a losing battle with aplastic anemia. Three years ago he lost an eye, and last year he suffered two strokes. He had, as his own wife expressed it, "taken all a man could take."

A few minutes after eleven, just after Mr. Kline had left his office, Mr. De took, with the aid of a .38 caliber revolver, his own life. The same fierce independence which characterized his life also marked his death. So far as is known he had never discussed suicide with anyone. He left no note.

Born in 1886 in a sod hut near Greensburg, Kansas, Mr. De had himself, half a century before, like his visitor Mr. Kline, been twenty-three years old. He had been working his way through the University of Oklahoma, in the winter waiting on tables and such jobs, in the summer working as a field geologist for the Mexican Eagle Oil Company.

Sometimes his summer jobs had lasted on into the winter, and, on the evening of February 10, 1910, he had been seated in the mess hall of a mud flat beside a crude rig on the shore of the Tamiau Lagoon in Mexico. Suddenly there was a call for him. He rushed outside to see his first well, the Petrero No. 1, come in.

Ten months later, during his Christmas vacation, at 2 A. M. on the morning of December 27, 1910, with first a rumble, then a roar, and finally a full explosion, came Petrero No. 4. It "blew in," as oil men say, literally drilling itself the last few feet. The derrick disappeared altogether and the oil shot 500 feet into the air. For ninety days, until they were able to control it, the well flowed wild—110,000 barrels a day. A hundred miles away the beaches of Tampico were flooded with oil. In all, the well produced the incredible total of 130,000,000 barrels—the largest oil well the world had, or has, ever seen, and in all probability will ever see. Among other things the sulphur fumes were strong enough to blacken the change in Mr. De's pockets—but from that time on Mr. De had only nominal use for change. He was on his way toward becoming a millionaire for life before he was graduated from the college he was working his way through.

Mr. De went back "to finish his education," an expression he detested, and it took him, of course, all the rest of his life. Meanwhile his incredible career continued—the formation of the Amerada Petroleum Corporation, of which he was president and chairman of the board; the formation of the Geophysical Research Corporation, of which he was president; the formation of DeGolyer and MacNaughton, the "Dun and Bradstreet" of petroleum engineers, of which he was senior partner; the Petroleum Administration for War, for which he was chief counsel; the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, of which he

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was president; and, in between and around, scores of directorships, honorary degrees, honors, and awards—all of which came his way not only as the recognized father of petroleum geology but also, in his capacity as the pioneer of the scientific approach to the finding of oil, as the founder of the whole modern oil business.

But all of this was not all the man. For Mr. De believed, along with the great Agassiz, that a man could not afford just to make money. In 1914 he began to collect books—not rare books by their bindings but books he liked. On every trip, throughout this country and abroad, he spent every extra hour in bookstores, browsing, bargaining, and buying. Once, in San Francisco's famous Books Inc., he bought a small but valuable pamphlet and told Lew Lengfeld to send it. Lew demurred. "It's small, Mr. De," he said, "Why don't you take it with you?"

"Oh, no," replied Mr. De quickly, "I don't want anything to happen to it. I'm going by plane, you know."

In his Mexican hacienda-style house on Dallas's White Rock Lake, Mr. De had built not a library but a living-room full of books. It was two stories high, shelved from floor to ceiling, double stacked. There were in that one room 11,000 books—it was the eighth wonder of the Texas world.

But Mr. De disliked being called "the Texan who can read," and if anyone brought it up he would defend Texas from hell to breakfast. On the other hand, if anyone thought that he collected books merely for show, Mr. De would not even argue the point. On the night before he took his life he was reading as usual —with one eye and a magnifying glass.

In this room was one of the finest collections in existence on the history of science, including not only one of the best collections of Darwin but also Mr. De's own favorite book, Andrew Dickson White's "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom." Here also was one of the finest collections about the Southwest in private hands. Here too was a great collection of English poetry and, a few shelves away, the best collection of Christopher Morley, another author he liked. There were several first editions of Copernicus, one of Galileo, one of two known copies of Cabeza de Vaca. There was also a first edition of Keats's "Endymion"—it was autographed to Shelley.

Mr. De recently gave his science books to the University of Oklahoma, his poetry collection to the University of Texas. Asked why he had decided to give it to such a wealthy university, he replied that it was wealthy in money, not in books, that he had examined what it had in English poetry and had decided that his collection, fitted in, would make it a first-rate collection. The fact that it would not be known as the De Golyer Collection did not even interest him.

Mr. De met his wife, a fellow student at Oklahoma, when he was seventeen years old and was sharing a "Sunday suit" with a roommate. Married in the summer of 1910, they had three daughters and a son; Mrs. De now has thirteen grandchildren. A charming, kindly woman, Mrs. De is known throughout this country and abroad for her work in Planned Parenthood. When, many years ago, Mr. De was offered the post of Ambassador to Mexico, he did not want to undertake it but first asked Mrs. De. "I love Mexico," she said, "but I've never been anywhere where I've seen so great a chasm between rich and poor. I'd want to do something about it, but my common sense tells me I couldn't so I wouldn't want to live there."

THE DeGolyer children were brought up strictly. When they were still young Mr. De liked to take them on long trips, each one separately, alone with him. "That's the only way to know children," he said. Today Everette, Jr., is, like his father was, a scholar first and a businessman second. "Underneath," he says, "my father hated business." The three DeGolyer daughters, Virginia, Cecilia, and Dorothy, are married, respectively, to Texas Rancher Jack Maxson, to the former Ambassador to Turkey, George McGhee and to a general in the Air Force, Milton Arnold. All the girls remember their father as being humorous even when he was being stern. "I'd rather be nibbled to death by ducks than listen to you girls argue with your mother," he would say. They also remember being spanked with a checkbook. Once his daughter Virginia was asked why she thought her father was a great man. "Because," she said, "it was such a long time before I found out he was."

Mr. De was equally at home with Al Meadows, president of General American Oil, Savoie Lottinville, director of the University of Oklahoma Press, and Miguel Alemán, president of Mexico. They were all close friends; other close friends ranged from Lew Douglas, former Ambassador to England, to Liz MacMurray, former proprietor of MacMurray's Book Store, to Lang, his Negro butler and chauffeur. As respected as he was in the oil business, he was often thoroughly misunderstood. On this score, he could, of course, hold his own. His brother Homer once told him about two oil men who hated each other. "I didn't know it," Mr. De grinned, "but if they do, I don't see any reason for either of them to stop." His junior partner, Lew MacNaughton, says, "If any single phase of his complex personality can be said to have been the dominant one, it was his special quality of mind. It was a quality which clarified other men's thinking even when he himself was not sure."

The qualities Mr. De most admired in other men's minds were integrity, curiosity, and imagination. He liked public relations, promoters dle men, and most, but not al yers. He rarely gave interviews and, when he did, invariably ended up by interviewing the interviewer. Once, after a particularly unsuccessful session with this writer, Mrs. De, who was present, said gently, "De, you've certainly said 'I don't know' a lot this evening."

"Goddamit," grunted Mr. De, "at least I know enough to say I don't know."

The "polite" part of any conversation bored him, and he made a sharp distinction between talk and conversation. Good conversation, however, he loved—particularly conversation which, as he put it, "went somewhere." He was fascinated with luck. "I hate to tell you," he once said, "how many times I've made money by going against my own judgment."

Mr. De gave millions for charity but not one cent for propaganda. "Goddamit," he said, "I haven't any ideas I think should be broadcast at anybody's expense, including my own." In 1941 he put $22,500 into *The Saturday Review*—after a five-minute conversation with the then twenty-nine-year-old Norman Cousins. There was never a contract, and the deal concluded with a handshake. Despite rumors to the contrary, Mr. De never put another cent into the magazine, and fifteen years later, when the magazine's circulation had gone from

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20,000 to 200,000, he sold back his stock to Mr. Cousins and his partner, J. R. Cominsky. In those fifteen years, during all of which time he was Chairman of the Board of Directors, he never once asked Mr. Cousins to change a single editorial, article, or editorial policy—and this despite the fact that Mr. Cousins and the magazine often espoused ideas and causes which he did not. "The talent for making money," he once said, "is not likely to mean a talent for leading a useful life—and it is even less likely to mean a talent for telling someone else how to lead a useful life."

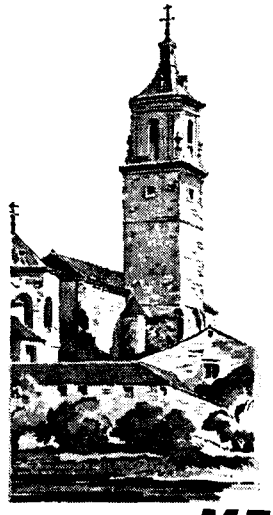
Mr. De's own expressions were a delight. There were two kinds of millionaires—the "silver spoons" and the "rabbit's feet"—and he was the latter. Greensburg, Kansas, was a "rag town," he was "dog poor." But their houses were "as clean as an angel's drawers." In Texas the "Moms were too close to the washtub" and the "drillin' Dads too close to their apostrophes." He wasn't impressed when the "top dogs" bought their wives emeralds "as big as the bottoms of beer barrels." Although crepes suzettes made him feel "prominent as hell," he didn't like New York and the "shebang." And, as President of the Dallas Art Museum, if he didn't like a painting, it was likely to be "a waste of oil."

Despite this, he did not write easily—not because he did not know enough but because he knew too much. Once he spent three days on one sentence. It was for a book review for which he was going to get $12.50. Beside him, uncashed on his desk, was an oil check for $7,400,000. A few years ago he had started to work on a scientific history of the oil business, but it stopped dead in its tracks with John D. Rockefeller. "I got trying to figure out," he said, "whether he was the greatest oil man who ever lived or a goddam lying pirate."

At the time of his death he was working on two theories—one to do with the origin of oil and the other to do with the migration of the buffalo. He would fade off into these theories even in the middle of a gin-rummy game. His children called his expression at such times his "buffalo look."

But I remember best another look. It was on his face two years ago when he had just returned from Four Corners, Utah, and a meeting with Charlie Steen. He felt well that night and he stood with his back to the fire in his great living room.

"Goddamit," he said, "if I'd been a couple of years younger and had one more eye, I'd have stayed out there and given that uranium a whirl."

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# The World

*Continued from page 31*

Mr. Feis—he says that despite Prince Konoye's sincerity the die was probably cast. However, he appears to share Grew's view that at least there was "nothing to lose," and he supports Grew's charge that the American Government displayed a perplexing rigidity—almost perversity—at many crucial junctures.

One aspect of the book is especially interesting: the detailed information that Shigenori provides about the process of Japanese policy formation. He spells out in unmistakable terms the fatal consequences of the peculiar and dangerous system, where both army and civil authorities were invested with independent, autonomous powers, neither answerable to the other but only to the Emperor. This, of course, made it possible for the Army to "make policy" in the field, irrespective of negotiations on the cabinet level.

As for the "cause" of Japan itself, this book certainly provides no argument of substance. However, it is safe to assert at least this much, quoting the translators, concerning the historical "problem of Japan": "she had come on the scene too late; the empires were already pre-empted." We would do well to reflect on the *psychological implications* of that statement as we prepare for the years ahead. —ANTHONY ARAU.

## FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 709

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 709 will be found in the next issue.*

DRAB C EFGHDKLF MLHNFL

HO CAMCBO CN PHO QFON.

—M. ODEFLOFN ECSTPCE.

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 708***

You can lead a man to college, but you cannot make him think.
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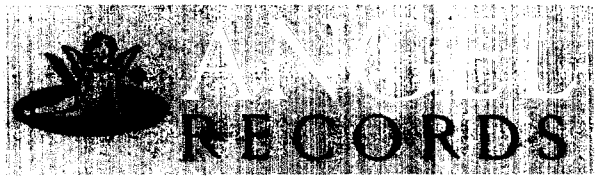


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*Previously issued:* Schumann Symphonies 1 and 4 (35372). Symphony No. 2; Overture, Scherzo and Finale (35373).

*Note:* Kletzki, with the London Philharmonia, has recorded another work inspired by Byron's hero: Tchaikovsky's "Manfred" Symphony (35167).

IGOR MARKEVITCH conducts RUSSIAN BALLET (Alb. 1)

**Satie: Parade. Weber-Berlioz: Le Spectre de la Rose. Debussy: Afternoon of a Faun. Ravel: Daphnis and Chloe, Suite 2.**
Philharmonia Orchestra. **Angel 35151**

*Note:* This is the first of three single, newly-packaged records, originally issued together in the de luxe album, "Hommage à Diaghilev".

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**Intermezzo in E flat minor, Op. 118, No. 6.**
**Rhapsody No. 2 in G minor.** **Angel 35349**

*Note:* After a round-the-world tour Witold Malcuzynski starts his American concert season in mid-February.

VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY PLAYS CHOPIN

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JANUARY 26, 1957

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# ARTUR RODZINSKI AND THE EDUCATION OF A CONDUCTOR

—*Culver.*

By ROBERT CHARLES MARSH, *author of "Toscanini and the Art of Orchestral Performance."*

ARTUR RODZINSKI'S career as a conductor is practically synonymous with the twenty-two years he spent in the United States. He was just getting started in Europe, at the Warsaw Opera, when Leopold Stokowski "discovered" him and brought him to America as associate conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1926. Since 1948, when Rodzinski decided against taking another permanent appointment and returned to live in Europe, he has been in semi-retirement, refusing far more offers than he has accepted, appearing only infrequently.

During the past two years I have had a chance to renew my friendship with Rodzinski and have extended conversations with him. Our first association dates from nine years ago in Chicago, when I was at the undergraduate division of the University of Illinois. In the mornings I lectured on philosophy, and several afternoons a week I led the student orchestra. I was certainly a better logician than a conductor, and if I was any good as a conductor at all it was because I had arranged my schedule so that when I wasn't working with my own players I could go to Orchestra Hall and watch Rodzinski work with his.

Rodzinski insists that conducting cannot be taught, and invitations to teach (which he receives in large numbers and invariably refuses) strike him as based upon a misconception of a conductor's work. ("What you can teach is a fake," he remarked. "You know I will have nothing to do with fakes.") Nonetheless, if I know anything about conducting (and I am by no means certain that I do), Rodzinski is probably the man who taught it to me. His conversation often runs to the manner in which other conductors have influenced him, and in the light of his experience the question of whether conducting could be taught was therefore a fascinating one to explore with him.

One thing which is frequently taught as "conducting" is baton technique. This, Rodzinski insists, is unimportant. No two conductors of reputation have an identical beat, and almost none follows the models set before the student in textbooks. (Scherchen's beat, for instance, is far more personal and less formal than the procedure described in his "Handbook of Conducting.") The great Central European conductors who are Rodzinski's ideals all had very small beats which only an attentive and well-disciplined orchestra could hope to follow (but with men of this caliber musicians *were* attentive and well-disciplined). Often the audience could scarcely see the movements at all. A celebrated exception was Mahler. His conducting was dramatic and impressive, although even he became more subdued in his last years. His "school" persists in such prominent men as Otto Klemperer.

"What is important," Rodzinski insisted, "is that the man be consistent so that the downbeat is not sometimes so [he demonstrated] and sometimes so" (another demonstration). Furtwängler had a highly individual technique, Rodzinski pointed out. "With nearly everyone you come in at the bottom of the beat. After Furtwängler

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came to the bottom of the beat he went up again, a little ways, and it was at the top of *that* that you were supposed to start playing. The men had to learn, but they could follow." (A member of the celebrated Brain family once told me of the recording session for the Furtwängler-Flagstad "Immolation Scene." "The first half-hour was absolute hell for anyone who had never played with him before. After that you got the idea.")

"Koussevitzky had a faulty technique in some ways," Rodzinski went on, "but what a great leader he was, and what beautiful music he made! His beat was personal, but it was always the same. That is why he could have such success as a guest conductor. What a thing he had made of the Boston Orchestra of ten years ago! If his technique had been perfect he could have achieved nothing better."

Rodzinski's decision to follow a musical career was influenced by his admiration for Artur Nikisch. "His beat was *very* small," Rodzinski recalled. "He had tiny hands and wore huge cuffs, sometimes with lace on them, so that you saw almost no movement, and even then it was, perhaps, the cuff you were following rather than his hand. It was just . . ." and he demonstrated with short, vertical strokes of his index finger. (*The active American equivalent would be Fritz Reiner*—ED.)

"That is the way Muck conducted, I understand."

"That *is* the way to conduct. Some young conductors have such poor technique; for that matter, some of their teachers have such poor technique. They are ping-pong players. Wham they come down [again he demonstrated], bam they go across . . . and the trouble is that orchestras get accustomed to having it all overdone and exaggerated. When *alpha* wants a little pizzicato note, slam, down with both hands! For a big chord in 'Sacre du Printemps' maybe, but . . ." He shrugged eloquently.

BORN (1894) in what is now Yugoslavia to a military family of Polish descent (his father eventually became a general in the Austro-Hungarian army) Rodzinski grew up and was educated in Vienna, where he eventually took two doctorates: one in law (for his family) and one in music (for himself). In the 1914-18 war he fought in the Austro-Hungarian army and was wounded by the Russians. He has always resisted any effort to associate his name primarily with Slavic music, which he understands and plays with exceptional sympathy, rather than that of the Central European composers whom he considers his first love. Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, and the Strausses Richard and Johann the Younger claim primary affection, and his performances of the latter's music reflect the true Viennese tradition. After the creation of a new Poland, Rodzinski went to his homeland and began to establish himself as a conductor, achieving success with such diverse scores as "Carmen" and "Meistersinger." Then, at the age of thirty-two, he came to America.

He still regarded himself as a conductor in the German tradition. "You know," he told me, "I would give half the life remaining to me to hear some performances by the great German conductors who died before my time. Nikisch I heard only at the end of his career. I can barely imagine what 'Parsifal' must have been under Levi, who prepared it with Wagner's personal direction. What it must have been to hear Wagner conduct! Think what must have been achieved by von Bülow, or Richter, or Mottl!"

"Did you ever hear Muck?"

"Only from the records. With Muck, Wagner has a quality I have found nowhere else. Even with the old records it is overpowering. The mind can correct for the flaws in the sound, and you can hear how great it was."

I agreed, and I can think of no more worthy candidate for the vault series than the Muck performances long removed from the Victor and HMV catalogues. "What about Nikisch's liberties?" I asked. "Was he like Stokowski?"

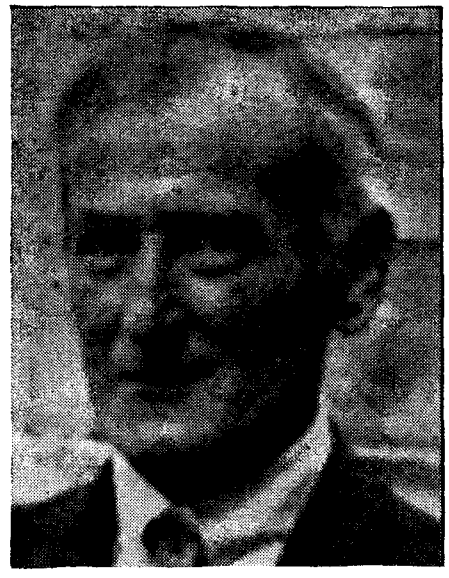
"Nikisch was a great musician. He played works with greater freedom than I would—it was the style of those days—but there was always musical justification for what he did."

"When do you feel that you mastered conducting?"

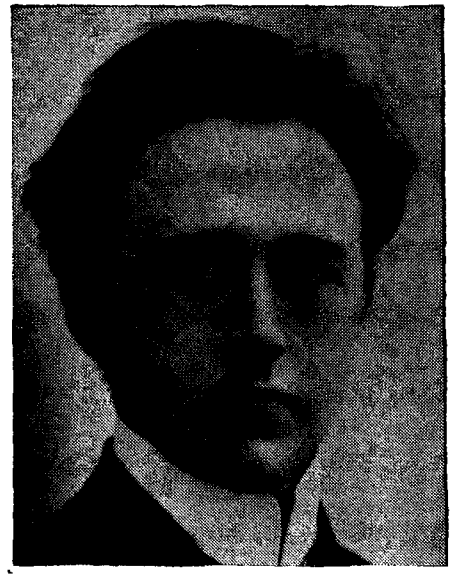
"With Stokowski. After three years of it! What a taskmaster and what a hard school! I was two or three years getting him worked out of my system so that I could be myself again. Golly, but he taught me a lot! He didn't like to study new scores; he wanted to *hear* them, so he would have the poor composer supply him with the full orchestral material, and every Monday morning reading rehearsal at nine o'clock and always 'Rodzinski, you conduct.' *He* sat in the back of the hall while *I* sightread Varèse! That way you really learn things!"

Another influence on Rodzinski, although only momentarily a personal one, was Weingartner, whose books, particularly that on the Beethoven symphonies, he has studied with care. Originally Rodzinski planned to do the Beethoven Ninth in London last spring. In preparation for the concert he bought a score and a full set of material in Munich and incorporated into them, with a heavy blue pencil,

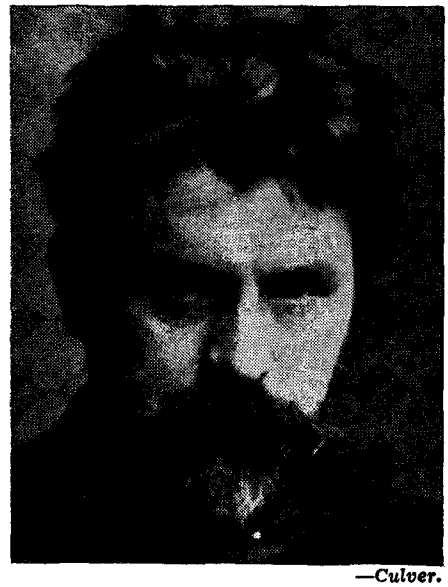
(*Continued on page 62*)



Muck—"Wagner as nowhere else."



Weingartner—"poetry pure and simple."



—*Culver.*

Nikisch—"tiny hands and huge cuffs."

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# THE NEW BRITTEN-CRANKO BALLET

By FERNAU HALL

LONDON.

ON JANUARY 1 the Sadlers' Wells Ballet started the New Year at Covent Garden in style with the new Britten-Cranko ballet "The Prince of the Pagodas." This ran for three hours (with only two fifteen-minute intervals) and represented the fruit of a year's hard work. As the first ballet to have music commissioned from Benjamin Britten and the first full-length ballet to be created from scratch by the Sadlers' Wells, it naturally aroused a great deal of interest—even among those not normally concerned with ballet.

It should be said at once that "Pagodas" looks like a success, in spite of severe faults. Like a supercolossal Hollywood film, it "has everything," including beloved young stars, lavish spectacle, and a score which is easy on the ear. The ballet is appropriate to the season in having many features of the English Christmas Pantomime, such as flying on wires and a transformation scene; it also has scenic gimmicks in the shape of flimsy pagodas on casters which grow upwards and let down fans to their sides. But the most powerful feeling it arouses is one of frustration, for it shows two worlds in constant and insoluble conflict: Britten's music is in the forefront of contemporary artistic endeavor, whereas the story and choreography move in a curious limbo of the past, with elements both of the cynical Dadaism of the Diaghilevian late-Twenties and of the conventional Petipa ballets which preceded the great balletic renaissance in Russia.

The story was put together by Cranko from sources bewilderingly varied in locale, period, type, and psycho-mythological implications; they included the fairytales "Beauty and the Beast," "Cinderella," and "The Sleeping Beauty," the classical myth "Cupid and Psyche," and even "King Lear." Unfortunately, he did not succeed in extracting from this mixture a satisfactory story line: neither hero nor heroine was clearly established as an individual until well after the middle of the ballet, and in both Act II and Act III the ballet was kept going mainly with divertissements.

Not even Britten could impose unity on such an unwieldy structure, but he did achieve near-miracles of taste, intelligence, wit, and imagination, producing the finest ballet score since Stravinsky's "Orpheus." So perfectly adapted to dancing was Britten's score throughout its length (the equivalent of three ordinary scores) that it was almost impossible to believe that he had never before worked in this field. Though it was obvious that he had carefully studied the works of all the great ballet composers of the past, he carried his weight of learning with grace, and even at his most Tchaïkovskian (or Donizettian) he remained clearly and happily Benjamin Britten. Three things stood out: the strong outline of the melodies, the delightful variety, originality, and subtlety of the rhythms, and the virtuosity of the orchestration. Changes of tempo, style, atmosphere, and so on were skilfully adjusted to stimulate ear and eye, and the dramatic development was strengthened by subtle references back to early themes at appropriate moments; Beriosova in particular was welcomed at each appearance by tender singing melodies, showing the angelic side of Britten's complex nature. Only at one point was there any obvious twelve-tonalism: this was in the dance of the King of the West, who was allotted a wickedly satirical tone-row. And only in one scene did Britten's touch falter: this was in Act II, Scene II (the "Kingdom of the Pagodas"), where Britten suggested Oriental mystery by a Balinese gamelan melody, played almost "straight" on a xylophone; this did not blend well with the rest of the musical texture of the scene, whereas in Scene I of this act Britten used ideas taken from gamelan music with great subtlety and effectiveness.

Often, indeed, the whole weight of the ballet seemed to lie in the orchestra pit, and it was hard to pay proper attention to the stage; the dancing seemed arbitrary, with no essential connection with the music. It was even harder to understand how Cranko could fail to make use of such exciting and admirably danceable rhythms and melodies—for when he did treat the music with respect (*e.g.*, in the solo danced by Merle Park in the *pas de six* of the finale) the result was electrifying. Perhaps Cranko had difficulty working from a piano score, with the composer far away on his travels; and the dancers certainly found Britten's music rather baffling when played on the piano in rehearsal. But this is a problem which is likely to emerge whenever a ballet is produced with a commissioned score, and it can be dealt with in several ways; in fact Cranko's choreography suggested that he concentrated on working out new patterns of steps and new lifts without ever coming to grips with this problem.

On the other hand, Cranko showed very good sense in breaking away from the official hierarchy of ranks and giving extensive opportunities to the most talented of the younger soloists. Beriosova, as the heroine Princess Belle Rose, was as lyrical, graceful, and adorable as ever, and when the choreography gave her half a chance she showed her instinctive musicality; when stimulated by the virile and sensitive partnering of David Blair she displayed a promising new quality of attack. In the title role, Blair established himself beyond

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question as one of the world's greatest male dancers, even though his role was rather conventional, giving little scope to his remarkable dramatic talent. (As a prince, he performed the usual pirouettes and leaps; as a salamander, he tended to crawl on the floor.) Maryon Lane (who shone in several divertissements) gave each movement quite extraordinary élan and polish: she is the ideal demi-caractère dancer, graced with an attractive and vivid personality, a keen sense of style and character, excellent technique, musicality, and intelligence. Pirmin Trecu also showed strong personality in the rather unrewarding role of The Fool, losing no opportunity to build up his characterization. But perhaps Cranko's most intelligent piece of casting was Julia Farron as the wicked Princess Belle Epine: this remarkable artist, belonging to an earlier generation than the others, has been rather neglected in recent years, and it was exciting to see her get her teeth into a big dramatic role created for her. All in all, Cranko deserves great credit for giving audiences a glimpse of the wealth of talent which is inadequately exploited in the familiar repertoire.

Most of the scenery, designed by John Piper, struck exactly the right note of gay fantasy demanded by the story; and the costumes by Desmond Heeley harmonized so well with the decor (both in color and in cut) that one could easily see that there had been close and sympathetic collaboration between the two artists. The colors in particular had an impudent vivacity of contrasts which recalled the work of Larionov, though in the final scene the stridency was a little forced.

Because of various special features of this production it left open the basic question as to whether or not a ballet lasting a whole evening is a fully satisfactory form. The best of the ballets surviving from the romantic period and earlier ("La Fille Mal Gardée," "Les Sylphides," and "Giselle") are in two acts, and even the best of the full-length ballets dating from the second half of the nineteenth century ("Coppélia," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "Le Lac des Cygnes") include a good deal of padding in the shape of divertissements. Commercially, the old full-length ballets have great advantages. But in our century Fokine and his great successors have so much increased the concentration of choreography that it is hard to imagine a theme which would *demand* balletic treatment in three or four acts. . . . It remains, of course, for some genius (or group of geniuses) to prove the contrary.

# VERDI, TOSCANINI (& PEERCE)

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As this issue goes to press, news has just come to us of Maestro Toscanini's death on the morning of January 16. He would have attained his ninetieth birthday on March 26. His vigor-packed years, more than sixty-five spent in the art through which he gave us so much, will live on in his recordings.*

VERDI: *"Hymn of the Nations," "Rigoletto" (Act IV), "Va, Pensiero, Sull'ali Dorate" ("Nabucco"), "Qui, Posa il Fianco" ("I Lombardi"), "Ballabili" ("Otello"), "Quando le sere al placido" ("Luisa Miller"), and overtures to "Forza del Destino," "Vespri Siciliani" and "Luisa Miller." Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra with Jan Peerce, tenor, Zinka Milanov and Vivian della Chiesa, sopranos, Nan Merriman, mezzo soprano, Leonard Warren, baritone, and Nicola Moscona, bass.* RCA Victor LM 6041, $7.96.

**THE COMPOSER** and conductor are bracketed in the title of this priceless collection, but it is hard to believe that it would be quite as good without the collaboration of the singer who was as far from the common background of the others as possible, yet became an intimate part of their communion. Whether in the thrilling "Hymn of the Nations," the stunning fourth act of "Rigoletto," the trio from "I Lombardi," or in the aria from "Luisa Miller," Peerce rises to emotional heights granted to few singers. Certainly he transcends his vocal endowment in his response to Toscanini's leadership.

That leadership attains one of its overpowering demonstrations in the "Rigoletto" excerpt dating from a benefit concert of 1944. For some of us who were otherwise occupied at this period of the war, the whole of it—including the sumptuous line of Milanov's participation, the potent force of the younger Warren and Merriman—comes as a completely new experience. One can only imagine the quality of the "Rigoletto" that would have preceded this fourth act! But the eloquent quartet, the ominous storm, and the final carefree reprise of "La Donna è Mobile" provide a credibility to the tragic outcome rarely experienced in the theatre. Whether Milanov at any time could have sung "Caro nome" is an irrelevant, as well as an impolite, question, but she sings the final lines of Gilda with the kind of purity one dreams of, and has only occasionally heard from her in "Forza" or "Gioconda." Inasmuch as Toscanini never directed "Rigoletto" at the Metropolitan, this is in the real sense a collector's item. (Marcia Davenport's illuminating commentary adds to the sum of values.)

If you have hackles, prepare to have them rise at the conclusion of the epochal "Hymn of the Nations," in which the Westminster Choir joins Peerce as heard in the sound track of the OWI film made in 1943. Both this and the "Rigoletto" are far superior in sound to most of the other material, because they were not subject to the baleful influence of the famously infamous Studio 8H. But there is not a measure on the two LPs uncharged with an "elisir d'amore" derived not from Donizetti but from Verdi. If Shakespeare were with us, and a music-lover, he might say that there were sermons not only in stones, but also in vinylite, when put to such use as this. —IRVING KOLODIN.

**Toscanini making the OWI film of 1943.**

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# TWO CENTURIES OF BACHS

Johann Christian Bach.

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

WE ARE dealing here with a tripartite enterprise, really—one of which no section lacks spaciousness of conception and a large measure of grace in performance. As far as the public is concerned, it began in 1954, when the Oxford University Press published a book entitled "The Bach Family," by Karl Geiringer in collaboration with Irene Geiringer. That is an abundant and fascinating 514-page chronicle of "Seven Generations of Creative Genius." I wrote of it when it appeared that it "is magnificent research transmuted into fine reading," a judgment I have had many occasions to confirm. That one member of one of the seven generations was Johann Sebastian Bach; that three of the next generation—all his sons—were composers whose music is widely cherished—these facts make the story unparalleled. The real value of the book is that it places a widespread family of remarkable men firmly in the context of humanity.

Since completing "The Bach Family," Karl Geiringer has not rested. In 1955 the Harvard University Press published his "Music of the Bach Family," an anthology of 248 pages containing the scores of twenty-seven compositions by fourteen Bachs ranging in time from Johann Bach (1604-1673) to Wilhelm Friedrich Ernst Bach (1759-1845), "the last professional musician among Sebastian's descendants," but no music by Sebastian himself. The anthology, with a preface and fourteen extended introductory biographical and critical notes by Dr. Geiringer, contains music for solo voices, chorus, and instruments in ensembles of varying size and nature. Together with "The Bach Family" it presents unique invitations to the roving mind of any curious music-lover; the two books together supply a fascinating introductory picture of music in Germany (and sometimes elsewhere) from the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth.

And now, as if the two books were not riches enough, Boston Records has issued a complete recording of everything in "Music of the Bach Family." The album of four twelve-inch LP's (Boston BUA-1, $21.02), also entitled "Music of the Bach Family," carries the phrase "Boston University Anthology of Recorded Music," and thus implies allied riches yet to come. The music on these records is of two sorts of interest: human-historical (all of it) and purely musical (some of it). The contents vary, that is, from such a forceful, even magnificent, cantata by Johann Christoph Bach (1642-1703) as "Es erhub sich ein Streit" through all tints and degrees of creative conviction to an almost comically inept piece for piano, six hands, "Das Dreyblatt," by Wilhelm Friedrich Ernst Bach, who lived to receive a salute from Robert Schumann and to attend the unveiling of the Bach monument at Leipzig in 1843. The handsomely designed album is accompanied by an unhandy, much-folded series of excellent notes by Dr. Geiringer. These notes are not mere repetitions of materials from the Harvard book, but are especially directed at the record-listener. The four records are also available separately (as Boston B-402, 403, 404, 405), and many of the individual selections on them are to be released on binaural tapes by Livingston Electronics, Livingston, New Jersey.

The recordings were made in Symphony Hall, Boston, in May 1956, and in the main are technically excellent. At a few junctures, however, microphone placement was ill-judged—for example, in the recording of "Three Instrumental Pieces from the Opera 'Amadis des Gaules'," by Johann Christian Bach (1735-1782), the two flutes are at times all but inaudible through the body of string tone no matter how the dials of my phonograph are adjusted. Richard Burgin conducts the Zimbler Sinfonietta; the Chorus of Boston University is under the direction of Allan Lannom. The truly excelling instrumental soloists —thirteen of them—include such familiar names as Joseph dePasquale (viola), Alfred Zighera (viola da gamba), and Daniel Pinkham (harpsichord). Throughout these approximately three hours of music scrupulous attention has been paid to matters of appropriate style, but without the stultifying results that can follow upon too much academic finicking.

I wish that I could omit mention of the vocal soloists. But the sad (the almost expected) fact is that the soprano, two mezzo-sopranos, three tenors, and two basses either have musicological voices or suffer from musicological constrictions of delivery. The result is far too much muffled, foggy vocalism, too many hooted, gray-white tones, too frequent signs of the other ills that have long beset many recordings supervised by scholars. And this is especially sad in the case of "Music of the Bach Family," for careful listening assures me that it deserved better. The music that here requires vocal soloists could have been as glisteningly alive as the instrumental and choral music if the singers had been up to (or, perhaps, had been forced up to) the level of the other performers. Why could this not have been done with singers worthy of the magnitude of the enterprise? I don't know the answer.

AND all this began with Veit Bach, who died in 1619, and whom the most famous of the Bachs described as "a white-bread baker in Hungary, in the sixteenth century." Veit fled religious intolerance in Hungary (he was a Lutheran), settling in Thuringia, near Gotha. He had a son who died in 1626: Johannes, from whom no less than three separate families of musicians descended. He had another son, Lips (who died in 1620), from whom a fourth musical line came down, including Johann Ludwig Bach (1677-1731), who is represented in "Music of the Bach Family" by two musical excerpts of such astonishing communicativeness and originality that one longs to hear all of his music that Dr. Geiringer says has been preserved, "thirty-odd masterworks, mainly cantatas and motets."

Does talent sometimes pass from one generation to another? Great men and women have bred mediocre imitators of their greatness; greatness has materialized without prelude. Still, such a musical family as the Bachs of Thuringia or the Scarlattis of Italy or the Couperins of France can give us pause. The sidelines down which "The Bach Family" and both the printed and the recorded versions of "Music of the Bach Family" invite us to journey are not exclusively musical. Many aspects of all sections of this huge tripartite enterprise leave echoes and echoes of echoes in the wondering mind.

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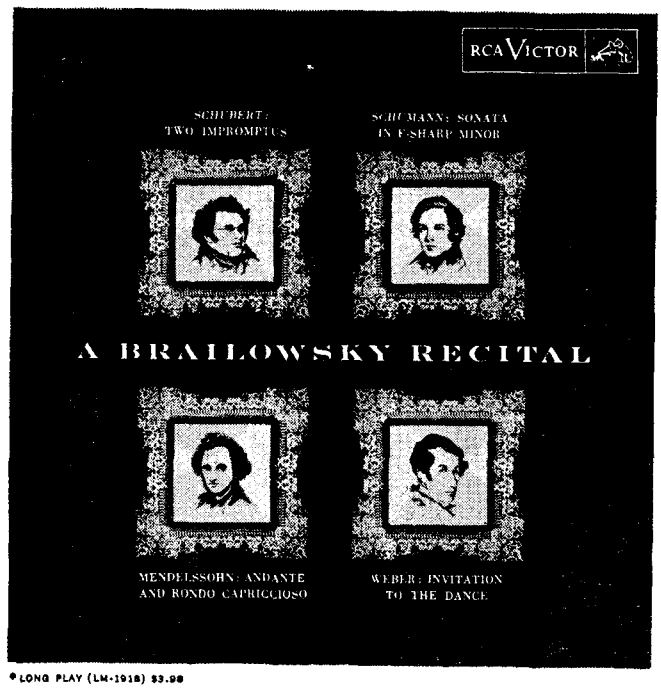
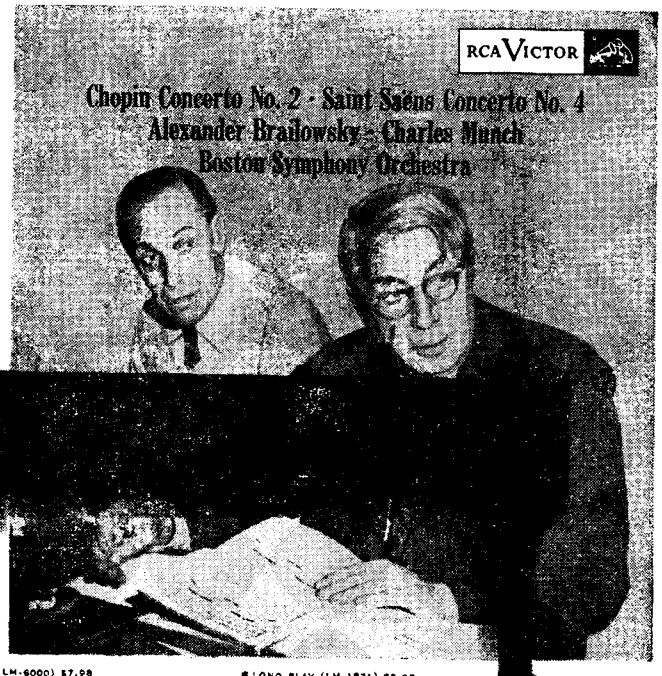
*TWO LONG PLAY RECORDS (LM-6038) $7.98




*LONG PLAY (LM-1918) $5.98

TWO LONG PLAY RECORDS (LM-6000) $7.98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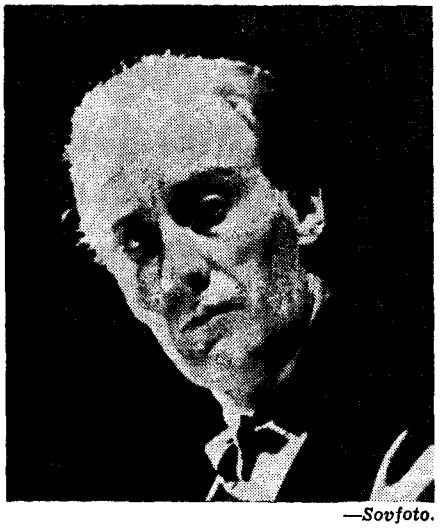
# Recordings in Review

## Tchaikovsky from Leningrad

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 4 in F minor. Kurt Sanderling conducting the Leningrad Philharmonic. Symphonies No. 5 in E minor and No. 6 in B minor. Eugene Mravinsky and the Leningrad Philharmonic.* Decca DX-142, $11.94.

**HEARING AND REHEARING** these Vienna-recorded performances leaves little doubt that the Leningrad Philharmonic is one of the great orchestras of the world, particularly when performing under the dynamic Mravinsky rather than the methodical Sanderling. It is an orchestra with a sound and texture of its own, a tremendous cohesion and together-ness in the most demanding passages and an even excellence of solo players from top of the stave (flute) to the bottom (contra-bassoon). Like the greatest orchestras (the Boston under Koussevitzky, the NBC under Toscanini, the present Philadelphia, Concertgebouw, and Vienna Philharmonic) it is founded on a double-bass section which provides sturdy support no matter how heavy the pressure above. (The pitch throughout is noticeably higher than even the Boston's).

With this competence, however, go some ideas of orchestral playing very much native to itself. There is little disposition to vibrato or personalized tone from the individuals, so that aside from the French horn (which is totally Russian and sounds more like a saxophone than our idea of horn tone), the clarinet, flute, or oboe soloists are without much individuality. (In these works the strings function as sections, so little light is shed on the inclinations of any individuals.)



—*Sovfoto.*

**Mravinsky—"sober yet vital."**

In his two vigorous, clearly defined performances, Mravinsky shows that his Tchaikovsky is, literally, by the book. Nothing (or practically nothing) that he does cannot be found in the printed directions, and there is very little in the printed directions that is not observed in the performance. When an allegro vivo is asked for, it is really *vivo,* and after a good deal of loud playing in the "Pathetique" the request for a triple forte (fff) shows the orchestra possessed, still, of some reserve. Rhythms are meticulously articulated, exchanges of phrases between strings and woodwinds (a Tschaikovskian patent) brilliantly tossed off, an isolated trumpet phrase clearly projected to the ear.

The eventual impression, however, is of remarkable physical effort without as much illumination of the musical content as might be expected. It is loud or soft, fast or slow in remarkable fidelity to Tchaikovsky's instructions, but, as in the slow movement of the Fifth, when the horn theme is reprised in the woodwinds, there is nothing reminiscent or reflective of the movement's beginning in it. Or in the andantino of No. 4, where the clarinets and bassoons double a melodic figure; there is no "sing" in the statement, merely so many notes cleanly, carefully played. No doubt this relates to local taste; it is somewhat odd, however, that the taste should be so bland, considering the music and its interpreters.

There is no particular reason why the three symphonies should be offered as a unit, for each is complete on a single disc. Should they become available individually, my preference would be for the "Pathetique" as showing the orchestra at its best in the march movement, and for the sober yet vital leadership of Mravinsky. The Vienna recording is in many ways fine, as in the pizzicato movement of No. 4, which has an "in-the-room" vividness. Some of the big climaxes are muffled by the surroundings.

## Mr. and Mrs. Mozart-Stylist

MOZART: *"Non temer, amato bene," and seven other arias. Leopold Simoneau, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Bernhard Paumgartner.* Epic LC 3262, $3.98. *"Popoli di Tessaglia," "Exsultate, Jubilate," "L'Amerò, sarò costante," and five other selections. Pierrette Alarie, soprano, with orchestra directed by André Jouve.* Ducretet-Thomson DTL 93089, $4.98.

**FOR THOSE** who have been paying attention to their class work in this Mozart anniversary time, it is no secret that Leopold Simoneau is probably the most refined male vocalist in that literature now active. Or if his tenorish part in such notable enterprises as the Angel "Cosi," the Epic "Don Giovanni," the London "Magic Flute," or the Columbia "Requiem" has escaped attention, the superb summation of his abilities in this challenging concert aria as well as the more familiar "Il mio tesoro" and "Dalla sua pace" ("Don Giovanni") "Un'aura amorosa" ("Così fan tutte"), or "Se fosso intorno" ("Titus") is not to be missed. Simoneau's vocal endowment is something less than spectacular, but he has converted it into a highly responsive instrument of a musical impulse both sophisticated and vital.

What has been decidedly more of a secret is the similar abilities of Pierrette Alarie, who happens also to be Mrs. Leopold Simoneau. Remembered for a brilliant, not-too-well disciplined high soprano when she was a young singer at the Metropolitan ten years ago (one of her parts was Blondine in an English-language "Entführung"), Miss Alarie has matured into an artist of high rank and a superior stylist in the Mozart material contained on this record. The voice is somewhat small and "narrow" in color gamut for best results in the Queen of the Night's arias from "Die Zauberflöte," but she delivers a decidedly fluent "Exsultate, Jubilate" (the whole of the motet concluding with the familiar "Alleluia") and a beautifully reposeful version of "L'amerò, sarò costante" (the able player of the violin obbligato is unidentified).

However, it is the little known "Popoli di Tessaglia" (K. 316) concert air which provides Miss Alarie with opportunity for demonstration of vocal capacities rare in any time. A product of Mozart's youthful infatuation for Aloysia Weber (the Weber sister he didn't marry), it is not only a flattering testimonial to the vocal powers she must have commanded, but an ornate exercise in florid writing up to and including A above high C. Miss Alarie twines her voice about this lofty peak with no less assurance than she shows in the legato line of

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"L'amerò, sarò costante," the while preserving a pure musical sound. In this respect she is decidedly more successful than Ilse Hollweg, who sings the same aria on side two of the Simoneau disc (her other selections are "Ah, T'invola, agl'occhi miei" and "Vorrei spiegarvi") with much more of a pin-point sound and effortful vocal production. Moreover, Miss Alarie makes the lengthy introduction and aria an affecting musical experience, rather than merely a series of vocal acrobatics.

Her disc also offers "Non so più" and "Voi che sapete" from "Nozze di Figaro" and "Welche Wonne, welche Lust" from "Die Entführung." Both discs are well reproduced, though Miss Alarie profits from closer microphoning and the easier perception thus possible of her fine enunciation in German and Italian.

## "Musique Concrète" Untaped

HENRY AND SCHAEFFER: *"Trifle in C," etc. Works by Henry, Schaeffer, and Arthuys.* Ducretet-Thomson DTL 93090, $4.98.

**TROUBLED BY A RADIO** which whistles? A turntable which rumbles? A neighbor who is an irritating dial turner on TV? Complain no more. You are not being distracted by noise. You are enjoying, in a primitive (but noncostly form) the basic pleasures of "musique concrète." Like so many intellectual diversions, this one originated in France, probably a form of natural compensation for the pleasures they have provided to us in bottles and cooked form.

As stated on the sleeve (author unidentified) "musique concrète makes use of real sounds which are natural rather than synthetic, in order to re-work them with the aid of special instruments such as the Phonogène. The Phonogène, which reproduces the recording on magnetic tapes at varying speeds, makes it possible to alter the range of sounds which had previously been considered fixed, like the sound of a bell or the vibrations of a cymbal."

The arrangements of sound are provided with such fanciful titles as "The Veil of Orpheus," "Study for Whirligigs," or "Pathetic Study," but the identity of sound with subject matter is not instantly inseparable. At best, in such a melange as "The Veil of Orpheus," what sounds like a Hammond organ is utilized for reedy tones upon which the human voice, speaking a Greek text, is imposed. It ends up suggesting a Hitchcock film track perceived by ear rather than eye. Actually, I have heard a more unified music coming from a tape recording of the Brahms violin concerto played backward . . . and at no extra charge. I have no objection to anything the French want to do with tapes and tricks and sealing wax . . . but why call it "musique," "concrète" or otherwise?

Gobbi—"artistic intent."

## New "Beggar's Opera"

PEPUSCH: *"The Beggar's Opera," sung by Elsie Morison, Monica Sinclair, Ian Wallace, John Cameron, and Owen Brannigan, with orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Spoken by John Neville, Paul Rogers, Zena Walker, and other members of the Old Vic company.* RCA Victor 6048, $7.98.

**FOR SOME REASON** not apparent to the naked ear, this version of Frederic Austin's arrangement of the Pepusch-Gay classic seems to me deficient in listening interest, over-long for the entertainment values it contains. Surely it is not a question of competence by the many performers involved, for the Misses Morison and Sinclair, the Messrs. Wallace, Cameron, and Branigan are all qualified for their parts, as the members of the Old Vic company are for theirs.

There is some question, however, whether the use of a dual cast doubles interest or divides attention. I see no special reason why, for purposes of a recording, Miss Morison could not read the lines of Polly as well as sing the music, or John Cameron those of Macheath. It would be an aid to illusion to have them—and all the others—delivered with the same intonation and timbre. Here, however, we are constantly swiveling back and forth between one style of verbalization in the treatment of the music, to another in the Old Vic's clipped, rapid-running delivery of the text. It is enough to make one's ears develop the blurry focus that comes to the eyes in watching a tennis match.

Whether this duality is really responsible for the limited enthusiasm aroused by the enterprise is difficult to say. Taken together the text and musical numbers included on the two LPs run to nearly two hours of consecutive listening—which strikes me as excessive generosity. That others may find it wholly to their taste, I readily recognize, wherefore the added comment that the musical execution is excellent, the mechanical fusion of spoken and sung excerpts neatly done, and the whole handsomely set up with a Hogarth-illustrated booklet.

## Gobbi Under Wraps

PUCCINI: *"Il Tabarro" ("The Cloak"), Tito Gobbi, Margaret Mas, and Giacinto Prandelli, with orchestra conducted by Vincenzo Bellezza.* RCA Victor LM 2057, $3.98.

**WHAT COMPELLING** reason RCA had for undertaking this latest version of Puccini's grisly little waterfront "idyll" is not clarified by the performance as heard. A predecessor version on Cetra did not present as much name value (Petrella, Scarlini, and Reali) perhaps, but it was well-directed by Giuseppe Baroni, reasonably well engineered, and about as much of "Il Tabarro," it would seem to me, as the market could absorb.

Presumably, then, the purpose was to provide Tito Gobbi with a star role, or at least Tito Gobbi's public with him in a star role. I do not doubt that in a staging of "Il Tabarro" Gobbi would be a striking Michele, who could plot his skulduggery and throttle his wife's lover (a tenor, naturally) with complete conviction. In this recording, however, the voice is strangulated, the tone lacking in musical contour, so that his artistic intent is only partially effective. Had Gobbi not sung Rigoletto here some weeks ago, one might suspect that the vocal quality was really on the wane. But so far as "Tabarro" ("The Cloak") is concerned, Gobbi is truly performing under wraps.

His associates are not of compelling quality and Bellezza's direction is no more than capable routine. Hence the qualities that make for excitement in "Il Tabarro"—which, if it is not exciting, is hardly worth doing—are mostly absent. Efficient sound.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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# Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Bach: Concerto in D minor. S. Richter, piano, with orchestra conducted by Karl Sanderling. Prokofiev: Concerto in G minor, No. 2. L. Kogan, violin, with orchestra conducted by Kiril Kondrashin. Monitor MC-2002, $4.98. | Neither the work nor the reproduction of it tells us much about the dimensions of Richter's talent. He is obviously a pianist of facility and a musician of taste, but little more that is definitive emerges. The excellent Kogan adds to his repute for silky sound and refinement of style in a thoroughgoing performance of the Prokofiev. The recording skills are well below European or American standards. |
| Bliss: "A Color Symphony." Sir Arthur Bliss conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London LL-1402, $3.98. | A work of the early 1920s, this symphony does not persuade either for its inherent musical or its illustration of the heraldic ideas of color symbolism exploited by Bliss. However, the titles of the movements are not without charm, and in the case of the slow section—"Blue, the color of Sapphires, Deep Water, Skies, Loyalty, and Melancholy"—the music reflects it. With it is an "Introduction and Allegro" of 1923. |
| Borodin: "Polovetsian Dances," Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Coq d'Or" suite. Antal Dorati conducting the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. Mercury MG 50122, $3.98. | A rather uneven exhibition of Mercury's engineering techniques applied to an English locale (Walthamstow Hall, near London). The soft string sound and the vibrant woodwinds are beautifully conveyed, but the percussion is harsh, the brass strident, the grooves occasionally so overloaded that even top quality equipment will not track. The choral language in the Borodin is wholly unintelligible (English, I'd guess). |
| Castelnuovo-Tedesco: Concerto No. 2 ("The Prophets"). Jascha Heifetz, violin, with the Los Angeles Philharmonic conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. Strauss: Sonata in E flat. Heifetz with Brooks Smith, piano. RCA Victor LM 2050, $3.98. | Though Castelnuovo-Tedesco's work with orchestra has primary billing here, it is the sumptuous performance of the Strauss sonata which makes the disc memorable in the Heifetz catalogue. In addition to his usual meticulous attention to detail Heifetz provides a fanciful spirit and warmth of impulse that make the second movement an "Improvisation" in fact as in name. The concerto though, somewhat Blochish in its Hebraic suggestions, is a highly playable work of which Heifetz makes much, especially "Elijah." The close up microphoning and dead studio are hardly what is presently considered enlightened recording procedures. |
| Haydn: Symphony No. 94 in G ("Surprise"), Mozart: "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting the orchestra of the Northwest German Radio. Capitol P 18022, $3.98. | A re-recording of the work with which Schmidt-Isserstedt attracted attention to himself half a dozen years ago, when Haydn symphonies were not nearly so plentiful on records as they have been lately. In consequence, his still-appealing conception is nevertheless short of the artistry conveyed by Beecham, Van Beinum, and Furtwängler in their versions. The overside "Kleine Nachtmusik" is well-mannered, clear sounding, and a little angular. |
| Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2. Kurt Sanderling conducting the Leningrad Philharmonic. Decca DL 9874, $3.98. | One of the notable performances ever of this unwieldy work, done with massive resources of sound (string section, horns, percussion, etc.) and a broad utilization of them by conductor Sanderling. It is sound of another sort than Ormandy provides in his version with the Philadelphia Orchestra, but the impact and flow of Sanderling's conception are as well served. The recording (Berlin) has both fidelity and resonance, though the hall is a little confining for the best balance in the big climaxes. Fascinating, altogether. |
| Ravel: "Daphnis and Chloë" (Complete ballet). Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony, with the choir of Macalester College. Mercury MG 50040, $3.98. | A typical kind of windswept "ecstasy" from the Midwest, mostly too loud and too fast. Climaxes are regularly overproduced for the purpose of inducing audio shock, the choral effects also overdrawn to the extent that they are sometimes more noise than musical sound. Both Ansermet, in his pioneering version of the total score, and Munch, in his admirable successor, have done better justice to Ravel. For those who dote on aural sensation, this has an abundance of it. |
| Schumann: Concerto in A minor. Tchaikovsky: Variations on a Rococo Theme. Pierre Fournier, cello, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Angel 35397. $4.98. | Two performances of superior refinement and musical sense by Fournier who, clearly, discovers more that is rewarding in Tchaikovsky than in Schumann. At its most intricate, the Russian's writing finds the performer hardpressed to keep the pace and the pitch coordinately, but the total experience is gratifying, even to Sir Malcolm's direction of the excellent orchestra. Finely molded sound. |
| Strauss: "Death and Transfiguration." Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the Conservatory Orchestra of Paris (with "Don Juan"). London LL 1478, $3.98. Fritz Reiner conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (with "Till Eulenspiegel"). RCA Victor LM 2077, $3.98. | Knappertsbusch and the French orchestra do not have the most harmonious time here, especially as his leisurely, *echt*-Teutonic way of playing Strauss does not consort too well with the French sound and temperament. Reiner and the Vienna Philharmonic, on the other hand, produce a finely integrated effort in "Death and Transfiguration" though it is their first recording together. The volatility of a "Till" as Reiner conceives it seems something of scramble for the Vienna players at some climaxes. Uncommonly fine reproduction (supervised, on behalf of RCA, by London personnel under its new agreement). |
| Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 2 ("Little Russian"). Georg Solti conducting the Orchestra of the Paris Conservatory Concerts. London LL 1507, $3.98. | Another instance of hard-driven orchestral sound confused with vigor of execution. So far as his record-making testifies, Solti has not yet learned to differentiate between high spirits and mere agitation, something which Beecham's version of this work defines very clearly. |
| Tchaikovsky: Overture "1812," Dvorak: "Carnival" overture, Liszt: "Mephisto Waltz," Smetana: "Bartered Bride" overture, Weinberger: "Polka and Fugue" from "Schwanda." Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 1999, $3.98. | Reiner and the orchestra obviously have a proud time showing off their mutual accomplishments in this motley miscellany, whose only theme is the pleasure to be derived from orchestral execution of the first order. Subtleties of treatment are not absent, especially in the Liszt and Smetana works. RCA has restrained itself from importing ("1812") a field piece, the legitimate cannonading of the performers leaving nothing to be desired. Bully sound. |
| Weber: Concerto No. 1 in F minor. Jacques Lancelot, clarinet. Concerto in F major. Paul Hongne, bassoon, both with orchestra conducted by Louis de Froment. Oiseau Lyre 50105, $4.98. | Whether or not one is partial to the idiom of Weber (in this opinion, it is the quintessence of Romanticism), the values in these sparkling demonstrations of instrumental command are self-sufficient. The bite and pliance of Lancelot's reed tone, the flow and sonority of Hongne's sound are in a solid French tradition. In addition, the musical craftsmanship is peerless at all times. The recorded sound is muffled, but well balanced. —Irving Kolodin. |

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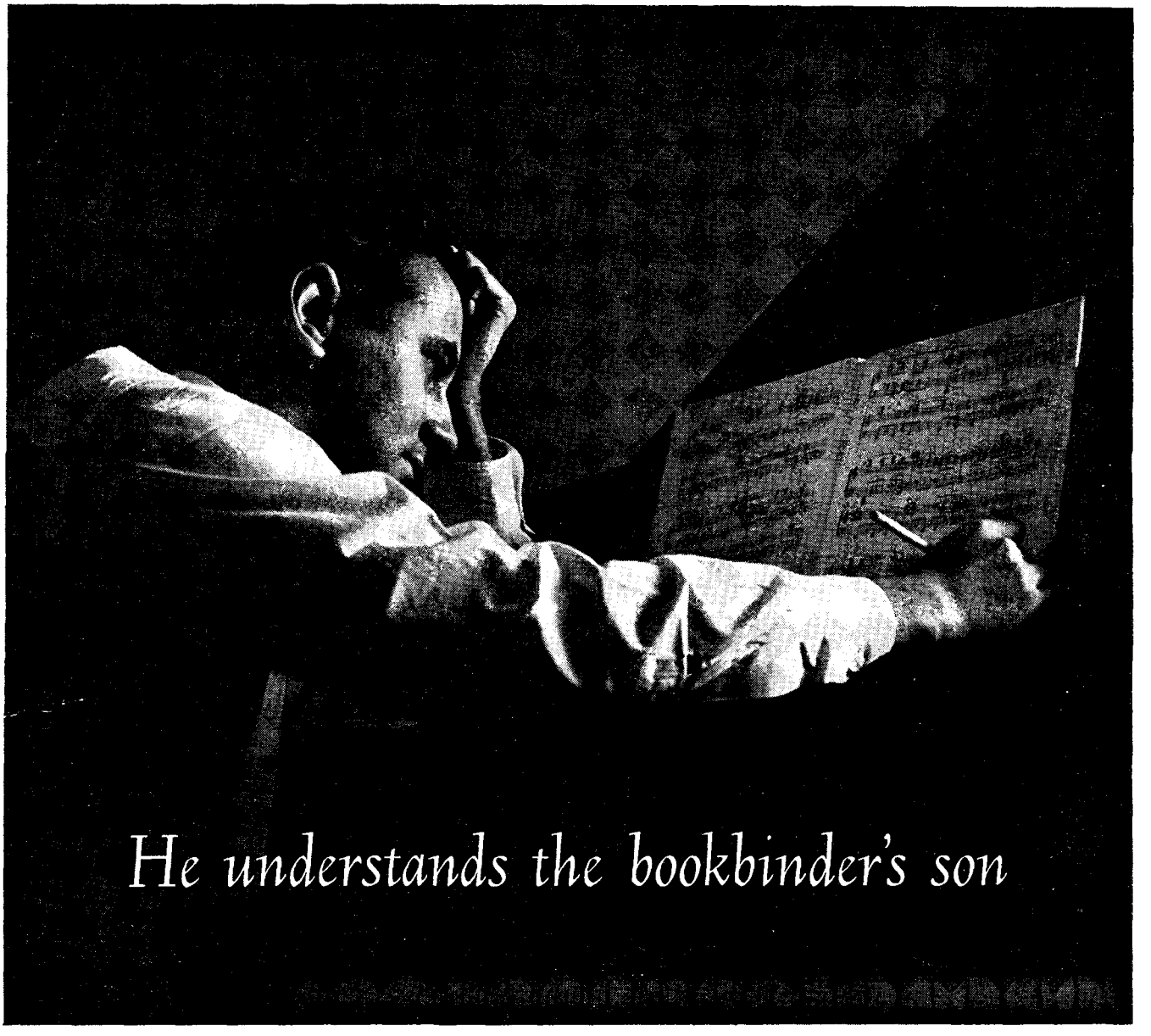
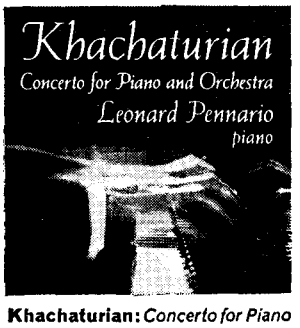


# He understands the bookbinder's son




**Khachaturian:** *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra.* Soloist Leonard Pennario with The Concert Arts Orchestra conducted by Felix Slatkin. **Album P8349**

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# Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Bach, J. C.: "Vauxhall Songs," "Sei Canzonetta, opus 4" and Organ Concerto, opus 7 No. 2. Elsie Morison, Jennifer Vyvyan, sopranos, with Thurston Dart conducting. Oiseau Lyre OL 50132, $4.98. | Gentle charm and not much more are the ingredients of the vocal music in this collection by the "London" Bach. There is more substance in the organ concerto played on a suitable instrument by Dart. Perhaps the vocal music would sound better were the singers not inclined (purposefully no doubt) to a thin, piping sound. Good reproduction. |
| Beethoven: Sonatas in F and D (opus 10: 2, 3). Friedrich Gulda, piano. London LL 1374, $3.98. | Just what Gulda is trying to accomplish in these performances is hard to say, for they are consistently underplayed as if to attract the attention by the mere effort required to follow them. In any case, the D major, with its fine largo, provides Gulda with more to work with. But neither performance is really an interpretative success. |
| Beethoven: Sonatas in D minor, E flat (Opus 31, Nos. 2, 3). Walter Gieseking, piano. Angel 35352, $4.98. | For some reason related to the circumstances of recording, the impressive performance of this disc is not the D minor ("Tempest") of which Gieseking has long been an admired interpreter, but the E flat. He plays the former well, of course, but the latter with a dash and spirit rarely imparted to it. Excellent sound in both. |
| Bloch: "Enfantines," "Poems of the Sea," "Sketches in Sepia." Maro Ajemian, piano. MGM E 3445, $3.98. | Children's pieces, sea pieces, and impressionistic studies of "smoke over the town" are standard trends in the writing of the 1920s, and these products of Bloch dating from that time are of a type, if tinged with his own colorations. My preference is for the "Enfantines" ("Lullaby," "Joyous Party," "Elves," "Rainy Day" etc.) which evoke Schumann and Debussy in a manner well understood by Miss Ajemian, who plays them with taste and imagination. Her success is less in the "Sketches," least in "Sea Pieces." |
| Brahms: Quartets in G minor (opus 25), A major (opus 26), C minor (opus 60). Victor Aller, piano, members of the Hollywood Quartet. Capitol PCR 8346, $11.94. | Messrs. Aller, Slatkin, and Dinkin (viola) and Eleanor Aller (cello) have accomplished a difficult task not only with credit but also with distinction. The consistency of sound is suitably enlarged in the broader passagework of the op. 60, which rounds out Brahms's creations of this genre. Also it appears from the unity and assurance of the performances that they were carefully prepared in advance of recording, rather than improvised in a studio. Nevertheless, it is a tribute to their musicianship and devotion to the subject matter that a considerable spontaneity warms each work as it is played. Aside from an occasional overripe phrasing in the cello, the musical style throughout is consistently appropriate. Notably good reproduction, in a suitably spacious studio or auditorium. Alfred Frankenstein's annotation is uncommonly detailed. |
| Carter: String Quartet. Walden Quartet. Columbia ML 5104, $3.98. | If this intricate, long (forty-five minute) work is more than a musical acrostic, I haven't found the key to it. It is based on all kinds of ingenious schemes (variations in gradually accelerating tempi, movements that end in the middle, a coda that anticipates the variations to come, etc.) which seem to me a blueprint for a piece of music rather than the piece itself. The Walden Quartet puts forth a mighty effort to make its many notes sound exciting, but the experience yields nothing to me to be described as musical. Remarkably clear, well-balanced reproduction. |
| Chopin: Nocturnes (Complete). Nadia Reisenberg, piano. Westminster XWN '8256-7, $7.96. | The Reisenberg competence is unvarying, but the level of intensity tends to be the same, which is hardly an invitation to consecutive hearing. Resistance to sentimentality is understandable, but not a denial of expression—which seems too often to be the Reisenberg objective. The piano sound (as in a partial collection previously issued) is good, its reproduction excellent. |
| Lully: "Air d'Arcabonne" ("Amadis"), etc. Ettel Sussman, soprano, with ensemble conducted by Louis de Froment. Oiseau Lyre OL 50117, $4.98. | The laudable purpose which animates this collection—to document the French operatic style of Marin Marais ("Air d'Alcyone"), Destouches (excerpt from "Callirhoë"), Campra (excerpts from "Alcine," "Les Ages," "Hésione"), Colasse (Prologue to "La Felicité"), de la Guerre ("Air de Procris"), and Mouret ("Air d'Isabelle" from "Les Festes de Thalie")—is compromised by the wiry quality of the Sussman voice. She is a diligent stylist, but the sound is too often unpleasant. Jean-Pierre Rampal (flute), Roger Albin (cello), and Robert Veyron-Lacroix (harpsichord) are assisting artists. |
| Puccini: "Vissi d'arte" ("Tosca") and twelve other arias. Licia Albanese, soprano, with orchestras conducted by Jonel Perlea. Victor Trucco, and Vincenzo Bellezza. RCA Victor LM 2033, $3.98. | The openness of heart and warmth of spirit that have characterized Albanese's work in this literature at the Metropolitan for more than fifteen years are consistently evident, also the vocal uncertainties of the last five or so. RCA has shrewdly begun side 1 with a finely controlled "Vissi d'arte" and side 2 with an impressive "Si, mi chiamano Mimi" and there are lovely effects also in two excerpts from "Turandot," the rarely heard "Si come voi piccina io fossi, O vaghi fior" and "Senza mamma" ("Suor Angelica"). However two "Rondine" excerpts are uncertain at the top, three "Butterfly" selections (entrance, "Un bel di," and death) wiry. The latter are from the Rome sessions with Bellezza. |
| Ravel: Trio in A minor. Fauré: Trio in D minor. Daniel Guilet, violin, Menahem Pressler, piano, and Bernhard Greenhouse, cello. MGM E 3455, $3.98. | Listed as offered on the disc, the judgment would be that Ravel's work is inferior to Fauré's in terms of appeal to the listener. However, the factor of performance must also be considered. Too little that is atmospheric emerges from the group's playing of Ravel: it is clearly more at ease in the longer-flowing, more tangible patterns of Fauré. Successful reproduction, and well-balanced. |
| Tartini: Sonata in G minor. Mozart: Sonata in B flat (K. 454). David Oistrakh, violin, and Vladimir Yampolsky, piano. Angel 35356. $4.98. | A version of Oistrakh's playing of the "Devil's Trill" has been long overdue, and this one is almost lifelike in its bravura and assurance. However, some of the double-stopping is disappointingly muddy in pitch, a careless indulgence on an otherwise well-made recording. The Mozart (which Oistrakh has recorded previously) is masterfully, a little mechanically, performed. Fine sound. |
| Verdi: La "Forza del Destina" (Excerpts). Adriana Guerrini, Giuseppe Campora, etc. Armando la Rosa Parodi conducting. Urania UR 7175, $3.98. | Those whose curiosity has been aroused by recent queries about Guerrini will find her strong, free-ranging voice represented in the principal music for Leonora. Effective recording. —I. K. |

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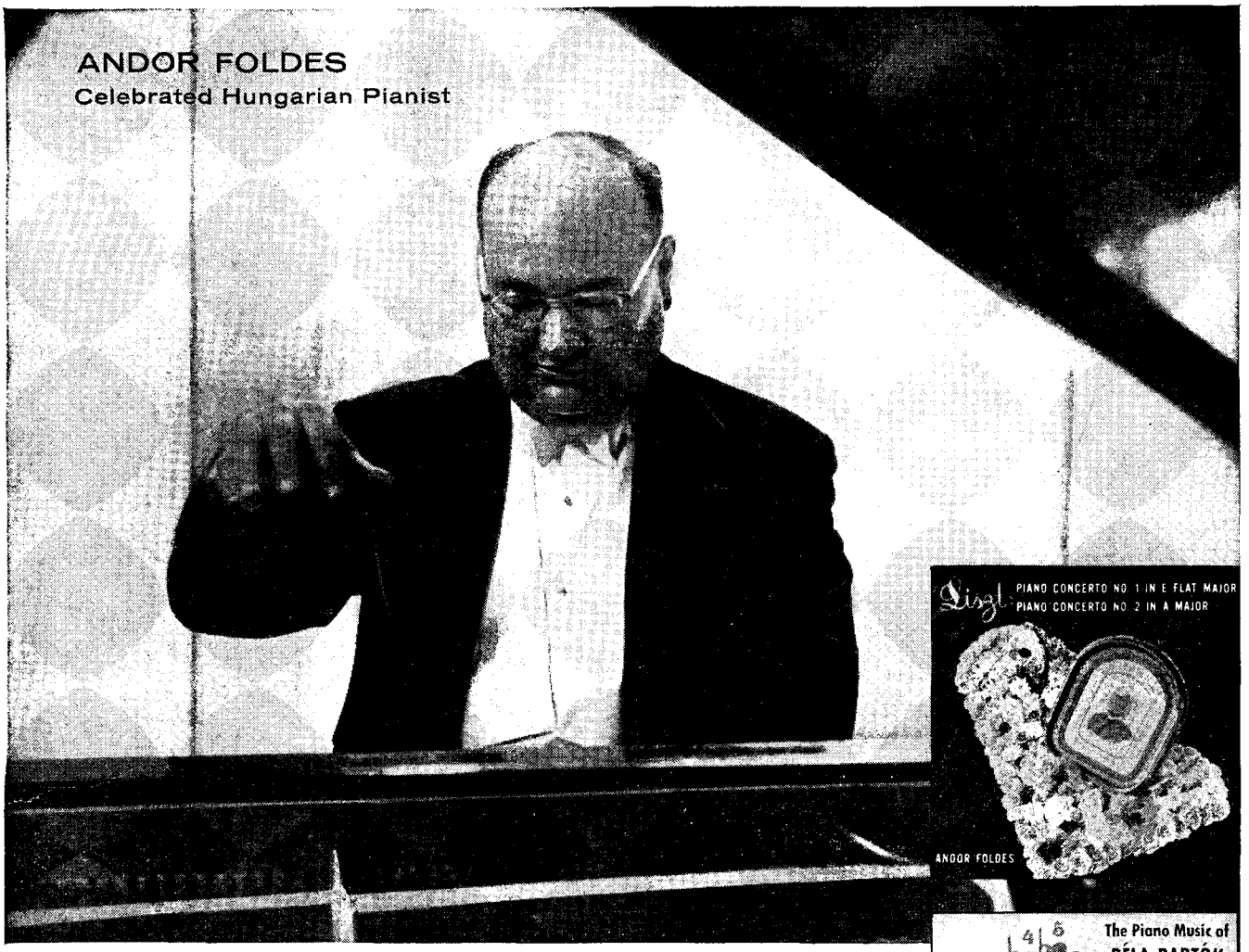





# FRANZ LISZT WOULD HAVE APPLAUDED!

As **Andor Foldes,** great Hungarian pianist, played the final chords of the Liszt E-Flat Major Concerto in Constitution Hall, December 30, 1956, there were those who heard the silent applause of Franz Liszt himself. The event was the significant "Salute to Hungarians" Benefit Concert, in Washington, D. C. The accolade that greeted Mr. Foldes' performance was but one more tribute in his exciting career. Critics (and conductors) revel in his authoritative Bartók playing, yet, are equally enthusiastic about his performances of Beethoven's piano works. With his newest Decca Gold Label recording, **Mr. Foldes** reveals in its fullest glory, the Romantic Era of music in the great European tradition. He plays the **Liszt Piano Concertos, No. 1 in E-Flat Major, and No. 2 in A Major,** both with the famous Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Leopold Ludwig, conducting (**DL 9888**). You will find this Decca Gold Label album technically superlative, musically thrilling; a breathtaking and satisfying listening experience.

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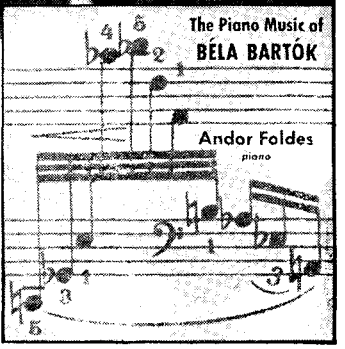


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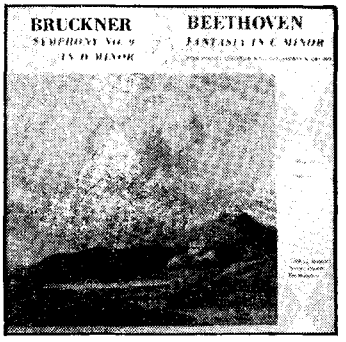


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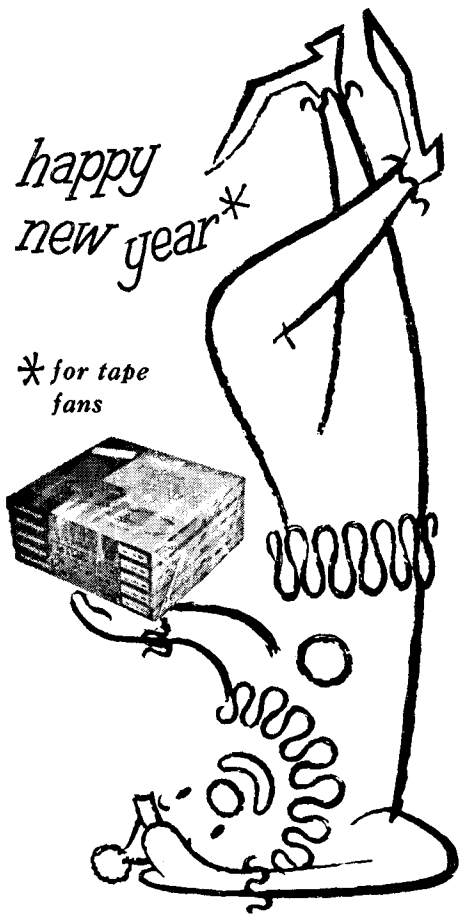


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## THE AMEN CORNER

### Ten-sion!

THIS, it is said, is an age of anxiety, and it is easy for most of us to believe it. One would expect to find the fact reflected in modern jazz, and it seems to me that this is very much the case. There is a prevailing sense of tension which was not provided by the jazz of thirty or even twenty years ago. Nowadays it is quite surprising to play the old records and discover how, even at the faster and ostensibly more excited tempi, the feeling is conveyed of ease, of relaxation *in* abandon. A great deal of jazz which, when we first heard it, seemed nervous and perhaps hectic to our ears, with familiarity has come to strike us as full of *joie de vivre*. I will cite, for instance, the earlier stomps of such bands as Jelly Roll Morton's, Charlie Johnson's and Fletcher Henderson's. As Hugues Panassié put it long ago, even when the finest colored musicians are playing rapid tempi, they play *legato*.

That is not so often the impression today. The modern tension seems to me to take two general directions. On the one hand there is an anxiousness to crowd as much original figuration into a chorus as possible: hear, for instance, the faster numbers in "Two Trumpets: Art Farmer and Donald Byrd" (Prestige LP 7062). Here I feel surfeited with modern noodling. On the other hand, there is a 6 riffle perfecting of elaborate technique, which may be striking in itself but often seems rather fussy and bloodless: hear "The Return of Art Pepper," in which the alto saxophonist is joined by some of the very best West Coast stars: Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Russ Freeman, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; and Shelly Manne, drums (Jazz West JWLP-10). Both of the combinations in question, I might add, seem able to take things a good deal easier in their slow ballad numbers.

In any event, the reader may reproach me with the reminder that this *is* an age of anxiety. Why not appreciate good music made in tension—and the Two Trumpets and Art Pepper are full of good music—realizing that the tension is inevitable, an expression of the times?

I will answer that while I expect tension, I do not think it is inevitable. With apologies for hurling these large subjects around in this small space, I would also say that I do not think music must be an expression of the times or, for that matter, of the temporal condition of the musician. On the contrary, it seems to me that the finest music, from the folk singer's spontaneous song to the Requiem of Berlioz, has always represented not an *expression* of temporal conditions, but in a sense a *working off* of those conditions, a welling up of lyric materials out of the inmost spirit, so that the musician becomes absorbed in his music, transcends his worldly concerns, achieves a catharsis in tone which can be wholly beautiful in the midst of outward ugliness, or entirely calm in the midst of outward frenzy. Bessie Smith is not blue *while* she is singing the blues. Mozart is not poor *while* he is immersed in the E Flat Symphony. For the musician, the music is the thing—dedicated as it may be to an innamorata or a God. It will run an expressive gamut from grave to gay (variously interpreted, of course—one man's carol is another man's dirge). But in so doing it will speak out of the musician's depths not his surroundings, and a Brazilian composer of today may be deeply moved by a bamboo flute song handed down from the Japan of the 18th century.

TO RETURN to jazz and the subject of tension. There is very little of the latter to be found in "A Garland of Red," in which the pianist Red Garland, whom I have previously admired with the Miles Davis band, is joined by Paul Chambers, bass, and Art Taylor, drums (Prestige LP 7064). With a warmly lyrical modern style, combining single finger and chordal inventions, Garland obviously feels that the piano was made for

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love. His numbers vary from a rapid "Constellation" to a lingering "My Romance" and an early morning "Blue Red." Meanwhile Chambers, on the bass, performs some of his delicately bowed solos which, as a musician friend of mine suggests, remind one of a quietly comic and sardonic monologue. In this disc we are back with the poetic jazz which is hard to find in the age of anxiety.

BUT not impossible, if one keeps looking. A splendid album "Whooeeee" comes from Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Zoot Sims, tenor sax; Hank Jones, piano; Bill Crow, bass; and Jo Jones, drums (Storyville STLP 914). This mixture of standards and originals is a salutary reminder that, amidst all of today's theoretical palaver about jazz, one of the surest ways of obtaining pleasure from the music is to gather a group of vintage players and let them go it. For all sorts of circumstances, this procedure may not work, but it can often be just the thing. Here the blend of fancy and spirit and fundamental ease is captivating. And it is, again, in a fine disc by three of the old masters, Lester Young, tenor sax; Teddy Wilson, piano; and Jo Jones, drums, with the more recently established Gene Ramey on bass (ARS G-417). The playing is mostly in the blessed middle tempi, and the fluency of Young and delicacy of Wilson are displayed in such favorites as "Our Love Is Here to Stay" and "Louise."

Among the items which have caught my eye this month is a charming album jacket consisting of nothing but rows of little linear motifs, red and gold on white, by Hal Schiff. Inside the album, which to be sure is called "Linear Sketches," is some deft chamber jazz by a promising young Pacific group consisting of Julius Wechter, vibes; Cy Colley, alto; Jim Bates, bass; and Frank Divito, drums (Jazz West JWLP-9). This quartet are invading the field where the Modern Jazz Quartet already holds such a commanding position, but the invaders arrive with delightfully balanced and limpid music.

Admirers of slide trombonists who really slide (instead of concentrating on the imitation of key instruments) will wish to hear the playing of Matthew Gee in "Jazz by Gee!" (Riverside 12-221). This small band album has a good deal of recent Brooklyn talent aboard and the music is generally forthright and rather tough, a mixed bag. Gee, an admirer of the subtly slippery J. J. Johnson and Benny Green, strikes me as one of the best modern trombonists I have heard. No tension to speak of.

—WILDER HOBSON.


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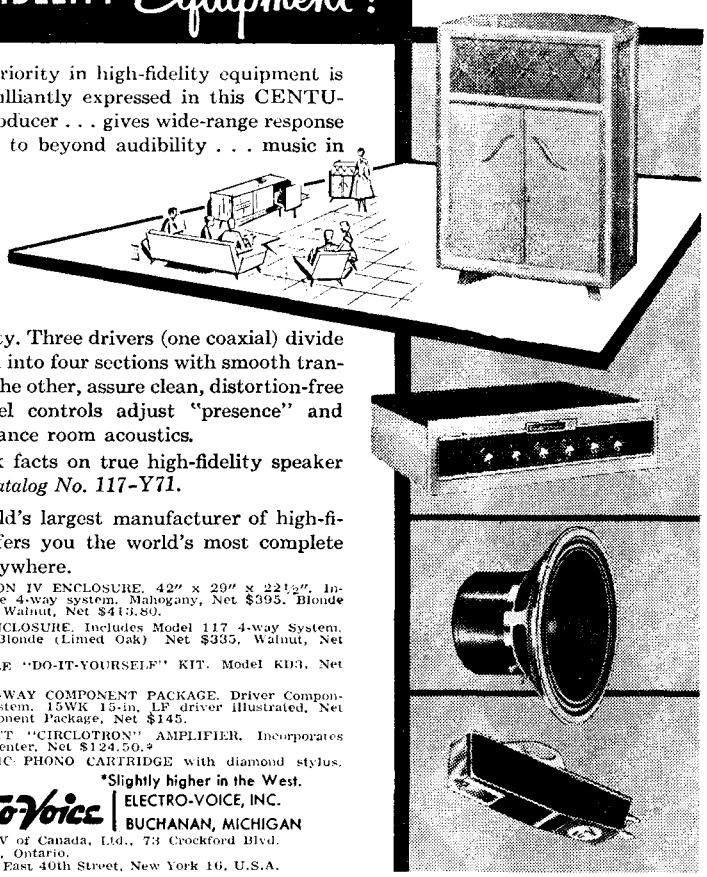

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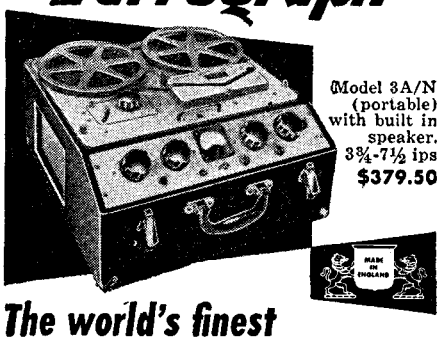


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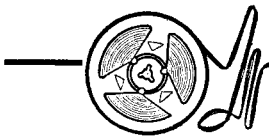

## THE WORLD OF TAPE

### Music Without Musicians

FOR centuries composers have written for new instruments as they were invented. Now, with the increasing development of what has been called "electronic music," there are several groups of composers, both here and in Europe, writing especially for this novel medium. They have at least one technique in common—they create on magnetic tape. The completed composition then is reproduced via tape recorder, or from a disc copy of the original tape.

Werner Meyer-Eppler, of the University of Bonn, who is active in the work of the Studio for Electronic Music in Cologne, suggested recently that the main reason why composers are able to work successfully in creating "electronic music" is the great improvement in the fidelity of acoustical storage devices, especially of magnetic tape recorders. Although tape recording is the common tool used by the three groups of electronic music makers—the German, French, and American—they differ considerably in their methods. The Germans maintain that only their kind of music can truly be called electronic because only they record all their basic sounds directly from electronic sound generators. They do not use microphones to pick up sounds in the usual way. The French school calls its music "la musique concrète." It is called "concrete" because the sounds are recorded on tape in a permanent original form representing "sound objects" (see page 49). These are the composer's elementary building blocks. And these building blocks can be altered in many ways in the creation of a musical composition. The extensive sound library of the French school, which is all on tape, includes such "sound objects" as a drop of water striking a hard surface, the ring of a gong minus the impact noise of the gong being struck, plus clicks and other noises with musical pitch.

The American group, which composes what has been called "music for tape recorder," uses instrumental and electronic sounds and some sounds of nature in its compositions. The American school has not yet, so far as I know, made use of the RCA Electronic Music Synthesizer. This instrument, designed by Harry F. Olson and his associates at the RCA Laboratories in Princeton, New Jersey, uses a pair of oscillators to produce any musical sound. The composer, by depressing keys on a keyboard, selects the sounds he wants to include in his music. The desired characteristics of each note—pitch, timbre, growth, duration, intensity, and decay—are registered in the form of perforations in a roll of paper tape. When composition is completed the perforated tape operates the music synthesizer in much the same way that a music roll "plays" a player piano. A tape or disc recording of this electronic music is the final product.

Generally, then, the Germans employ only electronically generated sound, recorded without the use of microphones; the French work from a library of sounds recorded via microphones; the Americans use any sound, recorded with or without the use of microphones. Composers of all three groups may manipulate the tape-recorded sound which makes up the final musical creation.

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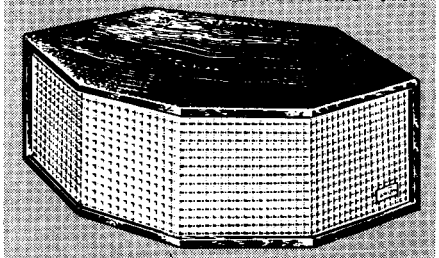

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new music we must first realize that thousands of audible sounds can be created electronically, and that each of these sounds, or notes, can be changed by various means—electronic and electroacoustic—in possibly dozens of ways before recording. Also, recorded sound can be varied in many ways *after* the original recording, and during reproduction of a completed composition the total sound can be further changed by varying the spatial characteristics. For instance, the sound can be made to "stand still" or to appear to originate in various parts of a room. Dynamic range, frequency range, and reverberation characteristics can also be changed. In this latter respect the Cologne group, according to Meyer-Eppler, insists that their final creations on tape should be considered "fixed" music. That is, they consider reverberation to be one of the composer's tools and, as such, should not be changed by the listener. Therefore, they feel that a tape composition should be played back in a "dead" room.

The manipulation of taped sounds takes many forms. I can mention only a few here. Sounds are changed in frequency (pitch) by playing back a taped sound at a speed different from that of the original recording, and recording it through a machine running at normal speed. Vibrato, or tremolo, may be added to a sound by varying the tape playback speed rhythmically and capturing the new result. Tape machines with many reproducing heads may be employed, with a continuous loop of tape, to provide separate echoes, or rapidly overlapping echoes of short duration which we call reverberation.

Sounds on tape may be edited to create new sounds. For instance, the impact noise of a struck-gong sound, as mentioned previously, can be removed. Simple sounds, or many differently-pitched or changed versions of the identical sound, in intricate rhythmic and tonal or atonal-relationships may be combined through the techniques of rerecording. The musique concrète group utilizes a tape reverberation machine (the Morphophone) to produce many musically new effects, one of which may be the superposition of selected characteristics of one sound upon another. An example of this technique is the sound of a plucked string attack superimposed on a steady note. In short, any imaginable sound can be produced and recorded—even sounds unimaginable to the uninitiated.

NOTATION of electronic music must of necessity be considerably different from that of conventional music. In conventional music the composer can write directions for playing limited to less than 100 notes. He can indicate also, in several ways, the manner in which he would like the musicians to play these notes. Conventional notation, however, is inadequate for writing the new music, which uses the whole range of audible sound—including noises with and without musical pitch—with thousands of tones of different pitch.

The notation used so far by the Cologne group makes use of two staffs of ten lines each and terms common to radio broadcasting. Intensity of sound is indicated in decibels on one staff, frequency in cycles per second on the other, and the duration of a note in centimeters of tape length. Special treatment of a sound is indicated in writing between the two staffs, while the frequency staff is preceded by a factor indicating the true frequency range.

The public will probably not clamor for this new music for a long time to come but when I heard Karlheinz Stockhausen's "Song of the Young Man in the Furnace" I liked it. It had a haunting out-of-this-world melody. Possibly my musical tastes are as bizarre as those of Charles Baudelaire, who said: "I love Wagner; but the music I prefer is that of a cat hung up by its tail outside a window and trying to stick to the panes of glass with its claws."

—JOEL TALL.


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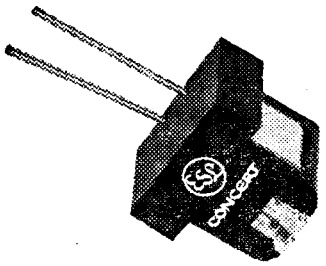

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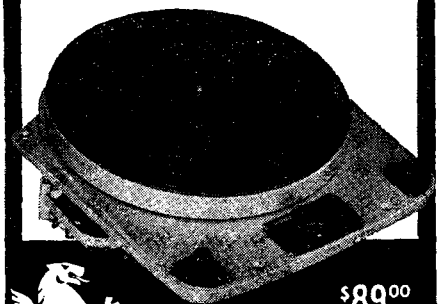

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# THE OTHER SIDE

## FLAGSTAD AND DR. WATSON

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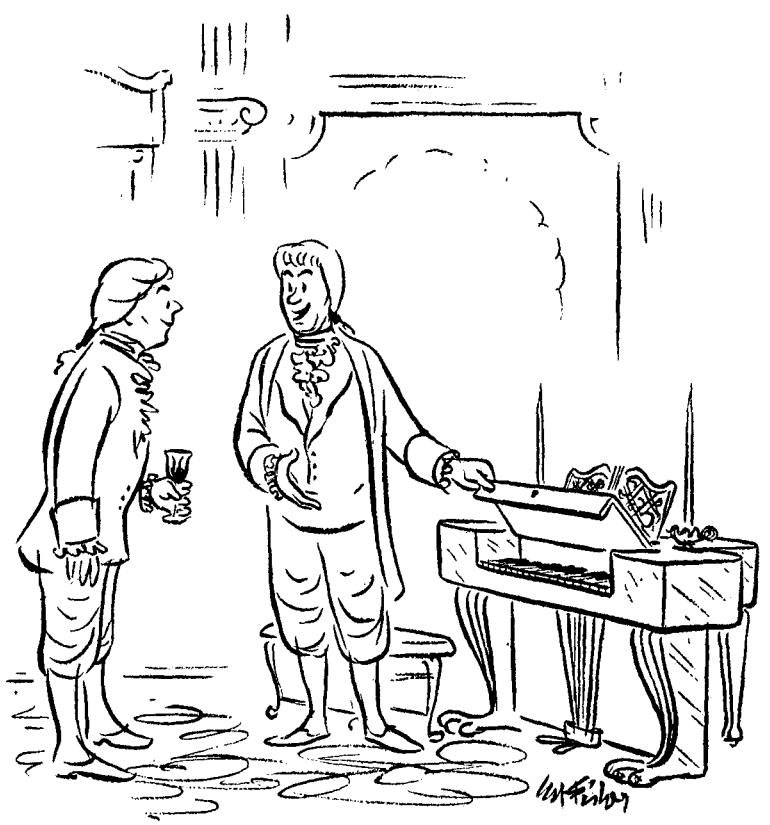
AS 1956 moved to a close, a sudden surge of activity from the Decca group brought forth two full-scale releases within a period of barely three weeks. It is not only in the matter of timing, however, that Decca and EMI diverge; whereas Hayes constantly offers duplications of standard works already represented in its catalogues, the pattern emerging from recent Decca lists suggests a more adventurous policy designed to widen the repertoire and to permit overlapping only where previous versions are no longer regarded as competitive.

Indeed, on this occasion most of the records break entirely new ground as far as the domestic LP catalogue is concerned: among the large-scale issues the only duplication is Rossini's "Barber of Seville," while Gluck's "Alceste," Rimsky's "Snow Maiden," and "L'Arlésienne" (Daudet's play, with Bizet's incidental music) have not previously been available to British collectors. The comparatively unfamiliar French play with its all-too-familiar score comes to us in a recording which has already been honoured in its native land by the award of a "Grand Prix du Disque" (whenever I see a reference to one of these "prizes," I always visualize a ceremony in the course of which a blushing disc is kissed on both sides by some notable "Academician," Jean Cocteau, perhaps . . .), but it is the acting rather than the performance of Bizet's score which distinguishes this pair of records. An exceptionally fine cast is headed by Mary Marquet, Berthe Bovy and Maurice Chambreuil; Albert Wolff directs the unnamed chorus and orchestra.

The new "Barbiere," on the other hand, should prove immensely popular, especially since the only other recording available in this country was handicapped from the start by Bechi's crude singing in the title-rôle. Decca's cast is singularly well balanced, with a dashing Figaro in the person of Ettore Bastianini, a brilliant Bartolo (Corena), and an uncommonly musical Basilio (Siepi). Soprano Rosinas are obviously out of favor nowadays and, as on the Cetra set (not available here), the part is in the skilled and experienced hands of Giulietta Simio-



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nato who, after a disappointing "Una voce," provides plenty of pleasure and amusement; Almaviva is sung by a newcomer, Alvinio Misciano, who acquits himself with considerable credit even if, by the standards of an earlier age, his handling of the more florid passages is lacking in style and in accuracy. The only really disappointing feature of this production in my view is the lacklustre playing of the Florence Festival Orchestra under Erede, a conductor who rarely seems able to secure real precision or buoyancy yet to whom Decca insists upon entrusting the bulk of its Italian repertoire.

Gluck's "Alceste" is given in its original, Italian version, with Flagstad in the title-rôle, supported by a strong cast including Raoul Jobin (Admetus), Alexander Young (Evandro), Marion Lowe (Ismene) and Thomas Hemsley (High Priest, Apollo and Infernal Spirit), with the Geraint Jones Orchestra and Singers under Geraint Jones, (the young organist and conductor who first collaborated with the great soprano when she appeared as Dido in Bernard Miles's Mermaid Theatre). The recording was made last spring, immediately following two broadcast performances in the BBC's Third Programme. On the whole this is a worthy and finely conceived account of Gluck's noble opera, but it would be idle to pretend that Flagstad's Alcestis—which is, after all, the mainspring of this venture—is as satisfying as it would have been had she recorded it three or four years earlier. Indeed, I should say that she was in better voice during the two broadcasts, for on these discs, and especially in the first act, her singing shows frequent signs of strain and her intonation is at times insecure. Even so, much splendor and nobility remains and we must be grateful to Decca for preserving it. The recent Wagner disc which she made in collaboration with Knappertsbusch proved that, on a good day, Flagstad is still able to put all her younger rivals to shame but, if she is to give us further recordings, Decca must exercise the greatest patience and reject any tapes which fail to reach that standard. A Schubert/Schumann Lieder recital, which has also just appeared, shows this all too clearly.

OTHER notable Decca issues include a noble and spacious performance of Bruckner's Fifth Symphony by Knappertsbusch and the Vienna Philharmonic—who use the edition of Franz Schalk, not the Urtext—with orchestral excerpts from "Die Götterdämmerung" filling the spare side of this two-disc set; Ansermet and the Suisse Romande will delight admirers of Albert Roussel's music with their fastidious and beautifully recorded accounts of his G minor and A major Symphonies. In each case Decca's engineers have done their considerable best, as they have also managed to do for soprano Inge Borkh and the Vienna Philharmonic under Krips, whose collaboration has produced an exciting disc devoted to the mighty Closing Scene from Strauss's "Salome," coupled with Beethoven's "Ah, perfido!" and "Ozean! Du Ungeheuer!" from Weber's "Oberon."

If, in the past, Decca has paid scant attention to the spoken word, current issues show a clear trend in the opposite direction. Two beautiful discs featuring richly varied selections of English verse are contributed by that versatile and most accomplished actress, Dame Peggy Ashcroft, while Emlyn Williams's celebrated impersonation of "Charles Dickens, reading from his own works" has been preserved on another excellent pair of LPs. Finally there is a rare treat for the countless devotees of the one and only Sherlock Holmes: two dramatised episodes from the career of the master-detective—"Dr. Watson meets Sherlock Holmes" and "The Final Problem"—with Sir John Gielgud (assisted by Campoli) as Holmes, Sir Ralph Richardson as the faithful Watson, and Orson Welles as the arch-criminal, Professor Moriarty.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.


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# THREE TO MAKE MONEY

By STANLEY GREEN

THE recently recorded scores from three of Broadway's newest musical comedies give ample evidence that, for the time being at least, composers and lyricists have returned to well-tested methods of writing for the stage. Although a few of the individual numbers have freshness and wit, the scores for "Bells Are Ringing," "Li'l Abner," and "Happy Hunting" are, for the most part, routine excursions for their creators.

The most successful score of the three is **"Bells Are Ringings"** (Columbia OL-5170, $5.98), if only because superior experience gives lyricists Betty Comden and Adolph Green and composer Jule Styne a surer hand with their material. Mr. Styne's music, while reminiscent, is sufficiently varied and actually seems to improve upon repeated hearing. Although they are primarily writers of the New York scene, Comden and Green are less concerned with sophisticated or subtle topics than they are with the reactions of simple, warm-hearted people who have to cope with experience found only in a big city. This approach was used with success in "On The Town" and "Wonderful Town" and is again in evidence in their lyrics for the present offering.

In building their show around the extraordinary Judy Holliday, the composer and lyricists have hit upon the idea of parodying some of the more traditional sentiments of popular songs, which while not particularly novel, does give the star opportunities to display her wide range of talents. "Is It a Crime?" takes care of the tear-drenched pleas for happiness, and "I'm Going Back" demolishes all the mammy and Swanee returnees. With Sydney Chaplin, whose voice is little more than an ingratiating rasp, Miss Holliday also does the willowy "Long Before I Knew You" and the sprightly "Just In Time." Of the others, the lilting title melody and the wistful "The Party's Over" are worth remembering.

In **"Li'l Abner"** (Columbia 5150, $5.98), the words and music, by Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul, follow the pattern they had set in their first collaboration, the film "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers." Again they are revealing their mutual talent for capturing the rustic idiom, but in his new work Mr. de Paul has provided a score that is more notable for its fidelity to the hillbilly locale than for any musical values. The Savannah-born lyricist has long demonstrated his faculty for capturing the vernacular accents of rural America, along with his specialty of using unexpected polysyllabic words and repetitive rhymes. The quality of Mercer is seldom strained; in spite of their intricacy his lyrics never seemed forced or poorly constructed. However, he has not, save for three numbers, contributed uniformly imaginative or witty lyrics for the current show.

Of the three, it is "Jubilation T. Cornpone," a rousing tribute to the Confederacy's most sad-sack general, which is the most immediately winning, and it is engagingly put over by Stubby Kaye. Almost as good are "Oh, Happy Land," a pointed commentary on conformity set to a calypso beat, and "Past My Prime," the lament of seventeen-year-old Daisy Mae (Edith Adams) who fears she is too old for men to be interested in her. But the rest of the score is commonplace. Political satire pops up in the frenetic "The Country's In the Very Best of Hands" and in the dull "Progress Is the Root of All Evil." "Namely You" is a conventional ballad, and "Love In a Home" owes a debt of origin to at least two Rodgers and Hammerstein songs.

Harold Karr and Matt Dubey, the composer and lyricist of **"Happy Hunting"** (Victor LOC 1026, $4.98), are somewhat representative of a school of young writers for the theatre today who seem to be more concerned with using accepted hit-parade formulas rather than constructing a theatrical score. In providing tunes for Ethel Merman's return to the theatre, they have borrowed without improving from many sources. For her opening number, "It's Good to Be Here," Miss Merman belts out what the show's director, Abe Burrows, might call a typical-type Ethel Merman opening number. There is another typical-type Merman song (Porter period) in "This Is What I Call Love"; a typical-type palsy-walsy duet in "Mutual Admiration Society"; a typical-type mock tango in "A New-Fangled Tango"; and a typical-type hillbilly tongue-twister, "If'n."

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# Musical "Marriage"

"THE MARRIAGE": *An opera in four acts by Modeste Moussorgsky. Soloists and State Radio Orchestra of the USSR conducted by Alexei Kovalev. Westminster,* OPW 1202, $7.96.

**"THE MARRIAGE"** was Moussorgsky's first attempt in the operatic field. It was a product of a short-lived harmonious period of the true collaboration among "The Mighty Five," Balakirev, Cui, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodin, and Moussorgsky. Led by Balakirev, encouraged by Stassov, and given an example by Dargomijsky's working on his "Stone Guest" (the first "naturalistic" opera) the small but "mighty" group was busy with new ideas for the creation of Russian National Music.

"I am writing music to scenes from Pushkin's 'Stone Guest' just as they are, without altering one word of the original text," Dargomijsky said. "Of course, no one will listen to it except my friends." He meant the Five, and indeed they listened. His operatic ardor was contagious, and when Dargomijsky half in jest and Cui quite seriously suggested to Moussorgsky to make an opera from Gogol's "The Marriage" he took up the challenge. But Gogol's novel was written in prose, and it was a real problem to set it to music and yet retain its character.

During the summer of 1868 Moussorgsky lived in a peasant hut in the country and, without a piano, worked on this opera. He regarded it as a sequel to his songs, and was so possessed by the idea of re-creating human speech in music that he trained his mind whenever he listened to conversations to divide the words into musical phrases. He wanted his characters to talk like real people in everyday life and—going a step farther than Dargomijsky—he wanted them to speak with Gogol's intonations and gestures, for he believed that therein lay the true picture of their characters.

"After 'The Marriage' the Rubicon will be crossed," he used to say. " 'The Marriage' is a cage in which I am put until I become tame, and then—freedom!"

But he broke out of his self-imposed prison before the term expired. He never reached the second act of "The Marriage." In the autumn of 1868 he brought the four scenes of the first act to his friends for judgment. He himself sang the leading roles and, with his talent for comedy, he added charm to the intimate performance of the opera. But Cui considered it a mere curiosity piece, and Balakirev, who already had spoken of him as "a drivelling idiot," thought that the whole idea was "plain mad."

A FEW weeks later, when A. Nikolsky, Moussorgsky's old friend, suggested that he write an opera about Boris Godunov, he dropped everything and started on the new project. It was as if he had been waiting for "Boris." After Moussorgsky's death Rimsky edited the piano score of "The Marriage." It was published in 1908, and Ippolitov-Ivanov completed the opera, which was premiered in Moscow in 1931. It is a *parlando* opera with only two songs in the last act: a street girl's song, and a sort of arietta sung by the bride. As it stands, the score sounds more like Mozart than Moussorgsky.

Although Ippolitov-Ivanov tried to complete the opera in Moussorgsky's style, he was unable to do so consistently. However, I think knowledge of Moussorgsky's music is incomplete without this work. Since it is seldom performed we should be grateful for this excellent rendition by the soloists and the State Radio Orchestra of the USSR. —VICTOR SEROFF.


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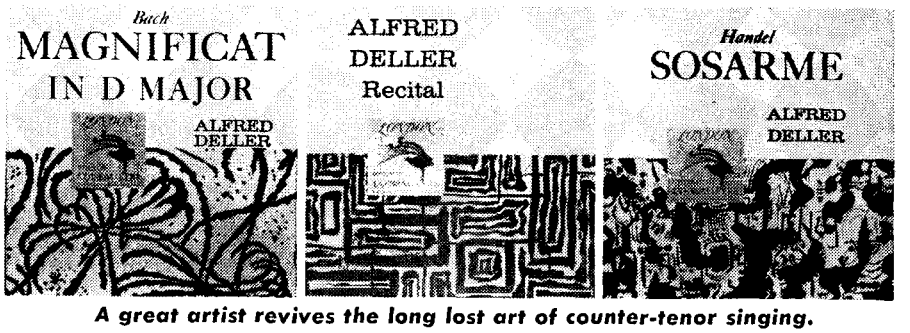


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# Rodzinski

*Continued from page 43*

all of the suggested markings in Weingartner's book and the well-known essay by Wagner. When I met him at his summer home in Cortina d'Ampezzo he had both the Weingartner and Toscanini recordings and was playing them full blast (with his own recent disc of the Shostakovich Fifth for occasional contrast) on a none too hi-fi portable phonograph. "Weingartner does not play it the way he describes in the book," he told me, "but it has great dignity." The Toscanini was perfect in the two middle movements, he thought, but introduced too many departures from German tradition in the first and last.

Early in the Thirties, when Rodzinski was musical director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic (a post he held from 1929-33), he decided that he needed some help in finding readings for troublesome passages in the Brahms symphonies. He wrote to Weingartner, who was then director of a Swiss conservatory, and arranged for a private lesson under an assumed name. "It was funny." Rodzinski told me. "Poetry, pure and simple. 'Here the basses must roar like thunder!' he said, or 'Here descends a shaft of heavenly light.' Nothing useful to a musician like bowings, phrasings, and dynamics! I paid him and went, but I felt I should have asked for my money back!"

It was about this time that Toscanini began to play a role in Rodzinski's "education," although for a time it was reciprocal. When the Maestro first planned to give the Shostakovich First Symphony he went over the score with Rodzinski, discussing problems of style. At Salzburg in 1936, after Toscanini had arranged for Rodzinski's introductory performances at the celebrated festival, he returned the lesson. Rodzinski, who was then conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra (an appointment he held from 1933-43), tactfully asked for a few pointers about tempi and the like in the Verdi Requiem, which he was to produce the following winter. "Toscanini told me to come to his house the next morning, and when I got there he sat down at the piano and went through the whole thing with me, singing all the parts. It took over three hours, and at the end he was exhausted." The lesson, however, was well learned. It is well known, of course, that Rodzinski did the organization work on the NBC Symphony before Toscanini first came to conduct it.

"You know," he continued, "a couple of seasons later I played the Bee-

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thoven Seventh in a broadcast, and afterwards Toscanini called me up and wanted to know why I had put an *accelerando* at the end of the rising phrases in the introduction (bars 10-12 of the score). I said that I hadn't intentionally. He said to come over the next day and he'd show me. So I did, and we sat down at the piano and started a metronome going. He played and put in the same *accelerando!* 'You see, you do it too!' I told him. 'Yes,' he said, 'but *I* have blood in my veins'!"

One thing which a conductor must possess, and which Rodzinski feels cannot be taught by any formal instruction, is sensitivity to style. All one can do is provide examples of the proper style and hope that the novice can acquire a feeling for it, since mastery of a style requires that one do the right thing instinctively, without having to think about it. A young American conductor came to Rodzinski a year ago, saying that he wanted to go over the score of "Tristan" with him. "I asked him how much time he had," Rodzinski told me. "Do you know what he said? 'Two hours!' For 'Tristan' two weeks would not be enough."

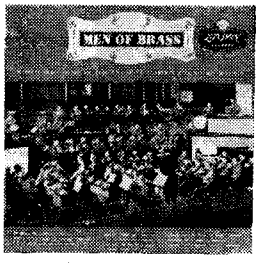
For all his success, and appointment as musical director of four of the leading American orchestras can hardly be called less, Rodzinski feels these are the most demanding of jobs. "Getting out of New York was the most fortunate thing I ever did," he remarked one afternoon. "If I had stayed I would be dead by now." His health, which has never been too robust, unfortunately, has in recent years demanded relief from the constant pressure of a heavy schedule and made clear the wisdom of a moderate course. Rodzinski dislikes traveling and will not work under conditions he regards as unsatisfactory. After leaving Chicago at the end of the 1947-48 season, he was back in the States briefly in 1949-50 and in recent years has appeared at Havana, in South America, Britain, Central Europe, and Italy—where he makes his home.

"I DON'T advise anyone to become a conductor," he philosophized. "An orchestra is the cruelest animal in the world. The players are all frustrated—every one of them is sure he could do it better than you—and part of the sport is seeing how good you are, whether it's worth giving you anything or not. You start with an unfamiliar orchestra and after a moment, a wrong note. You correct it patiently, and a minute later another one. You correct that, and on it goes. In five minutes you have either passed the examination or failed, and everyone knows it. After that either they give you what you ask for or you are following them and taking whatever they want to hand out. The funny thing is that some of the men who cause the most trouble can't conduct themselves. Unless you're dealing with the Boston or the Philadelphia, where the men have so much pride they never go below a certain standard, no matter how bad the conductor is, you have to be able to look 100 men in the eye and tell them off if necessary. I have known that certain of my players have had ambitions to conduct and from time to time in rehearsals I have given them a chance. They nearly always take a look at the other musicians and wilt."

"I'm a fighter," he said. "I don't get scared, but it's still hard."

I had seen how hard it was when he led the Royal Philharmonic in a series of London recording sessions early in 1955, but I had also seen his victory and been present at the final evening session when the men expressed with all sincerity their admiration for his skill and musicianship. He had driven them hard, but he had taught them as well, and in doing so he had won their affection and respect.

Although he is only sixty-three this year, he likes taking it easy. The idea of buying a little house in the mountains, puttering around with his Leica, going for breathtaking drives in an Alfa Romeo, and enjoying family life with his charming wife and twelve-year-old Riki have an appeal that concerts no longer can match. "Don't tell me I can't live without music," he said to me. "I can." I didn't tell him, but I don't believe it.

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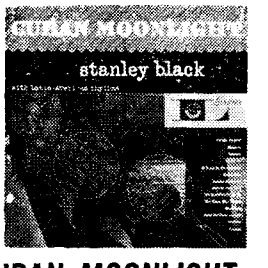


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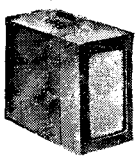

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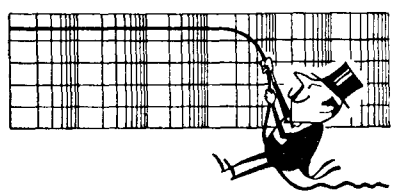

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# Music to My Ears

*Continued from page 26*

tain relationships involving composers, conductors, and other fauna of the musical jungle. It also has the wistful suggestion of the Stravinsky of 1957 trying to keep abreast of the invention of that other by-gone Stravinsky of 1911, who lives on perversely, ever more vigorously, on the printed page.

Needless to say, there are vast areas of music in which the Stravinsky of 1911 and the Stravinsky of many later years would have strong points of contact. But not, it seems to me, when the works self-chosen for performance are the lengthy "Persephone" of 1934 (with speaker and vocal parts) and the recent arrangement of a Bach chorale-variation sequence ("Vom Himmel hoch") for small choir and chamber orchestra.

ONE can imagine that in its original form, with Ida Rubinstein pantomiming the action as well as intoning the Andre Gide text, with dances designed by Kurt Jooss, a scenic background by Andre Barsacq, and Rene Maison delivering the lines of the priest Eumolpus, "Persephone" could have considerable poetic effect. However, as a concert piece with Vera Zorina "dramatizing" the text and Richard Robinson fencing with a foil of a tenor voice at the sabre thrusts of Stravinsky's writing, it is mostly pale and ineffectual. Needless to say, no man of Stravinsky's gifts and experience could write a work of fifty-odd minutes without touching numerous chords of evocation and musical imagery, but they were widely dispersed in "Persephone." It could be that some lack of weight and continuity were related to the composer's own direction; I detected several false entrances from the strings, and it could have been that the texture was elsewhere clouded by incomplete agreement (stageside gossip was that the composer is still afflicted by his recent ills, and really should not have conducted at all). However, this would hardly account for the general aura of an inconclusive creation.

The Bach "variations" (actually a series of canons in various intricate relationships) were prefaced, in Stravinsky's arrangement, by a statement of the chorale in a brass sextet, and interspersed with pronouncements of the melody line by a small choir. Doubtless it served some purpose of the master as well as permitting public audition of a complex piece known only to organists. A livelier communication was, unfortunately, absent.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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## LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

### A PLEA FOR DeSABATA

MAY I ENLIST YOUR aid in finding out what has become of the career of Victor DeSabata? I, along with many other music lovers, have admired his superb work in the Angel recordings of "Tosca" and Verdi's "Requiem," and would like to hear more from this brilliant musician.

JOSEPH BAKER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The conductor has, unfortunately, been in poor health for some time, and inactive.*

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EARL P. REES.

Philadelphia, Pa.

### GREAT AND BELOVED

THOSE OF US WHO have been blessed by the impact of Paderewski's great personality owe a debt of gratitude to Abram Chasins (*SR* Nov. 24), who expressed so justly the exquisite feeling of respect, love, and admiration one felt in Paderewski's presence. Mr. Chasins's article is a lasting monument to Paderewski's artistry and a complete refutation of the many disrespectful appraisals of a great and beloved man.

LUISA STOJOWSKA.

New York, N. Y.

### IS HOFFNUNG HERE?

IS THE BOOK "The Hoffnung Symphony Orchestra," mentioned in Mr. Heinitz's article on Gerard Hoffnung (*SR* Dec. 29), available in this country?

H. H. FANTEL.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To this inquiry, and others, the answer is, unfortunately, no. Importers of English books may help.*

### HOW MUCH BRUCKNER IS TOO MUCH?

DESPITE THE compliments to the Vienna Philharmonic, why does Kolodin refer to the "interminabilities" of Bruckner? We know the Bruckner symphonies are long, but *long* and *too long* are as different as egg and eggplant. Since Bruckner had something worthwhile to say during all the symphony, I would hate to see any deletions made just to shorten the performance time. This is more than I can say for a large percentage of the "short," better-known symphonies.

Kolodin should be glad to have heard


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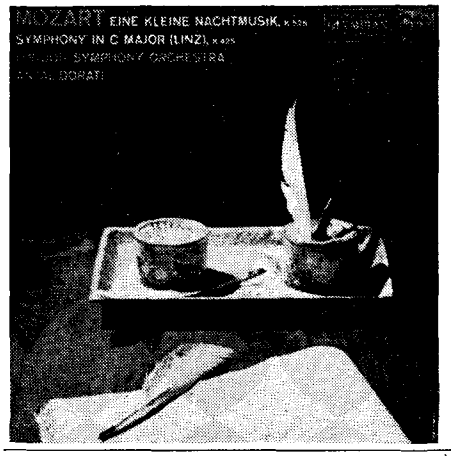
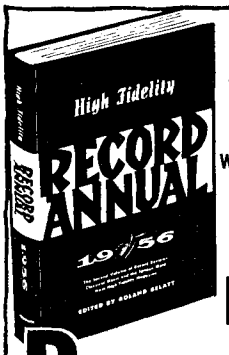



**HANSON** Fantasy Variations; **ROGERS** Leaves from "The Tale of Pinocchio"; **TRIGGS** The Bright Land. Eastman-Rochester Orchestra, Hanson conducting. MG50114

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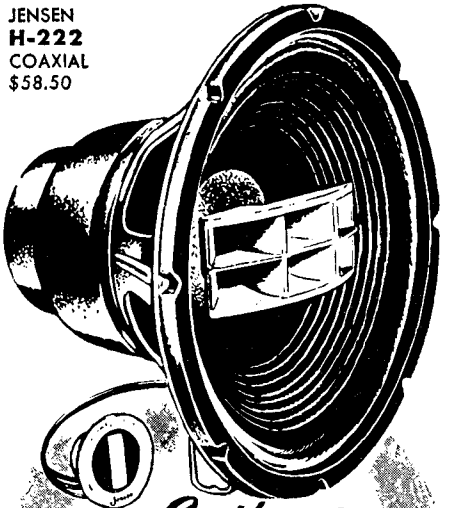

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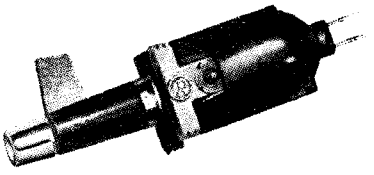

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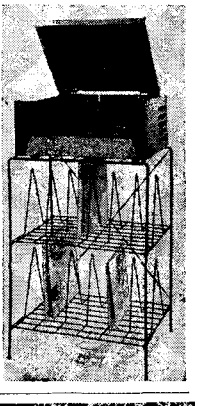

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any Bruckner symphony rather than another performance of a played-to-death "warhorse." Bruckner's symphonies are not to be compared to the placid symphonies that have their say in less time; "Boris Godounov" is not judged by the standards of "Cosi fan tutte." The Beethoven Ninth is longer than the Bruckner Seventh, but to my ears has fewer thrills; one difference is that criticizing Beethoven is generally not the thing to do, whereas Bruckner is still a "whipping boy." Did his symphonies have to be so long? That question has the same answer as the question of length of the two- and three-inch-thick great novels known to us all.

J. M. GANSTER.

Birmingham, Ala.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Brook me no Bruckners.*

**BONUS BEETHOVEN**

I HAVE READ with great interest your review of the Beethoven Seventh (*SR* Sept. 29). I have owned the Toscanini reading (LM-1756) for some time, and treasured it as a near-definitive interpretation. Of course, I believe the older recording with the N. Y. Philharmonic was even greater, but I settled for the somewhat better sound of the NBC recording. Now I have bought the Reiner version, listened to it many times, compared it with the Toscanini performance, and have finally decided that Reiner has settled the problem, at least for me—for my ears, this will stand for some time as the closest we'll get to perfection in a recording of this work.

May I pose a question? Did your review copy of this present Reiner recording not contain his performance of the "Fidelio" overture on the second side? Perhaps your space limitations prevented your mentioning it, but I am so happy with this bit of "bonus" that I had to ask about it. I am not too familiar with this particular work, but I don't believe I have ever heard any finer Beethoven.

H. J. MARTIN.

Kingsport, Tenn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "Fidelio" overture was noted, but not mentioned. The quality is also high.*

**"RIGOLETTO" A LA TOSCANINI**

IS THERE A TOSCANINI "Rigoletto" recording. When will it be released? Who is in the cast?

PEER O'ROADS.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One fourth of the request has been answered. See page 45.*

**MILANOV—PLEASE!**

I HAVE BEEN READING the requests for more operas by Zinka Milanov. I, too, would also like to see more operas by Milanov—especially "Norma" and "La Forza del Destino." I would also like to join Clinton B. Hanover in requesting Milanov in "Tosca," "La Gioconda," and "Andrea Chenier." Also, what about RCA giving us a complete "Falstaff" with Leonard Warren?

GEORGE S. WEAVER.

Baton Rouge, La.

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1192

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. The material part of a grievance. | 140 72 105 20 17 133 131 76 |
| B. Settled in cosily and neatly. | 129 179 122 185 75 64 39 19 148 |
| C. Mistress of Henry II, called the "Fair," kept in a labyrinth where the queen discovered and poisoned her. | 31 48 55 142 81 172 170 101 |
| D. What the ambitious person does when making plans (2 wds.; not in Webster as a phrase). | 163 1 154 96 23 21 176 181 |
| E. Times of day when most people are either going to or from work (2 wds.). | 36 146 67 94 3 120 173 9 157 |
| F. Peremptory urgings of claims. | 14 193 61 184 47 151 82 |
| G. Followed by Word H, author of many very popular novels (1803-73; "Rienzi"). | 160 35 45 169 73 141 |
| H. See Word G. | 147 136 113 56 27 106 |
| I. Sculptured ornamentation asso. with the Corinthian capital. | 134 123 116 18 51 92 108 66 |
| J. Tendency to suffer fits of the blues. | 104 53 12 103 138 191 65 158 126 |
| K. Lepidoptera whose larvae feed on the wax of honeycombs, often destroying whole hives (2 wds.). | 49 144 40 28 13 2 114 152 |
| L. Prefixed by "Saint," the corposant of sailors (2 wds.). | 186 161 33 187 25 85 68 54 102 |
| M. Cleaves. | 194 159 98 182 46 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| N. Sampled the flavor. | 15 44 90 180 29 137 |
| O. Followed by Word P, wife of the man Faustulus who reared Romulus and Remus (myth of ancient Rome). | 24 117 171 86 |
| P. See Word O. | 77 95 130 162 135 42 80 97 |
| Q. A game of word-making. | 84 124 63 156 7 50 143 57 107 |
| R. English lexicographer, on staff of Oxford English Dict., etc. (1873—). | 168 109 4 99 69 41 |
| S. Not fixed with precision or given limits, in meaning, extent, etc. | 71 5 165 93 145 58 38 83 128 |
| T. Chateau said to have been built by Charles Martel, 730, region of Amer. Military Cemetery. | 87 79 153 149 112 174 78 |
| U. Turn to bone. | 8 59 60 178 183 115 |
| V. Lively Spanish dance for man and woman in triple measure, with castanets. | 30 190 164 132 175 121 11 111 |
| W. One of Jerome Kern's greatest operettas which opened in 1927 (2 wds.). | 139 167 32 52 88 34 37 118 |
| X. An older brother of King Fuad I, who first yielded to British power in Egypt (1879-92). | 91 177 110 188 100 6 |
| Y. Amer. physician who wrote the old song "Ben Bolt" (1819-1902). | 10 125 192 22 119 74 16 |
| Z. Preconceived opinions, usually unfavorable. | 155 43 150 70 62 189 127 26 89 166 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*

| | | 1 D | | 2 K | 3 E | 4 R | 5 S | 6 X | | 7 Q | 8 U | 9 E | 10 Y | | 11 V | 12 J |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 13 K | 14 F | | 15 N | 16 Y | 17 A | 18 I | | 19 B | 20 A | 21 D | 22 Y | | 23 D | 24 O | 25 L | |
| 26 Z | 27 H | 28 K | 29 N | | 30 V | 31 C | 32 W | 33 L | | 34 W | 35 G | 36 E | | 37 W | 38 S | 39 B |
| 40 K | 41 R | 42 P | 43 Z | 44 N | 45 G | | 46 M | 47 F | 48 C | 49 K | | 50 Q | 51 I | | 52 W | 53 J |
| 54 L | 55 C | 56 H | | 57 Q | 58 S | 59 U | | 60 U | 61 F | 62 Z | 63 Q | 64 B | 65 J | 66 I | 67 E | |
| 68 L | 69 R | 70 Z | 71 S | 72 A | 73 G | 74 Y | | 75 B | 76 A | 77 P | 78 T | | 79 T | 80 P | 81 C | 82 F |
| 83 S | 84 Q | 85 L | | 86 O | 87 T | | 88 W | 89 Z | 90 N | 91 X | | 92 I | 93 S | | 94 E | 95 P |
| 96 D | | 97 P | 98 M | 99 R | 100 X | 101 C | 102 L | 103 J | | 104 J | 105 A | 106 H | 107 Q | | 108 I | 109 R |
| 110 X | 111 V | 112 T | 113 H | 114 K | 115 U | | 116 I | 117 O | 118 W | 119 Y | 120 E | 121 V | 122 B | | 123 I | 124 Q |
| 125 Y | 126 J | 127 Z | 128 S | 129 B | 130 P | 131 A | 132 V | | 133 A | 134 I | 135 P | 136 H | | 137 N | 138 J | 139 W |
| 140 A | 141 G | 142 C | 143 Q | 144 K | 145 S | 146 E | 147 H | | 148 B | 149 T | 150 Z | 151 F | 152 K | | 153 T | 154 D |
| 155 Z | 156 Q | 157 E | 158 J | 159 M | 160 G | 161 L | 162 P | | 163 D | 164 V | 165 S | | 166 Z | 167 W | 168 R | 169 G |
| 170 C | | 171 O | 172 C | 173 E | 174 T | 175 V | 176 D | 177 X | | 178 U | 179 B | | 180 N | 181 D | 182 M | |
| 183 U | 184 F | 185 B | 186 L | | 187 L | 188 X | | 189 Z | 190 V | 191 J | 192 Y | 193 F | 194 M | | | |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.



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